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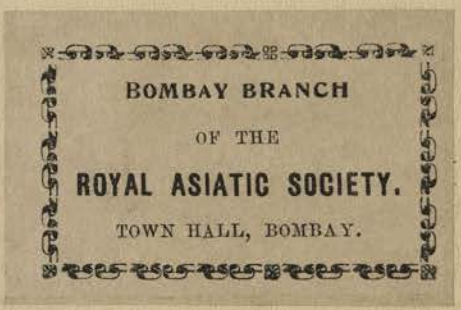

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"BLACK AND WHITE"

HANDBOOK

TO THE

ROYAL ACADEMY

AND

NEW GALLERY

PICTURES

1893.

WITH A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, AND EIGHTY PORTRAITS AND BIOGRAPHIES OF EMINENT ARTISTS OF THE DAY NOT MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, BART.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

From a photograph by Bassano

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A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

BY C. LEWIS HIND

IN the last month of the year 1768, King George III. and his Queen were examining Mr. West's picture of "Regulus," at Windsor Castle, when Mr. Kirby, President of the Society of Artists, was announced. After praising the canvas, Mr. Kirby remarked, "Your Majesty never mentioned anything of this work to me. Who made the frame? It is not made by one of your Majesty's workmen; it ought to have been made by the Royal Carver and Gilder." The King's reply was much to the point, "Kirby," he said, "when you are able to paint me such a picture as this, your friend shall make the frame." The disconcerted Kirby then turned to the painter. "I hope, Mr. West," he said, "that you intend to exhibit this picture?" "It is painted for the Palace," West replied, "and its exhibition must depend upon his Majesty's pleasure." "Assuredly," said the King, "I shall be very happy to let the work be shown to the public." "Then, Mr. West," said Kirby, "you will send it to my exhibition?" "No," interrupted his Majesty, "it must go to *my* exhibition—*to that of the Royal Academy.*"

Thus was the foundation of the Royal Academy first publicly announced. Academies of art had been in England ere this. There was Sir James Thornhill's, held at his house in James Street, Covent Garden, and later the establishment in Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane. This academy in Peter's Court was quite an old story when the Royal Academy, as we now know it, was founded in 1768. To understand the events that led to its foundation, and the reason of Mr. Kirby's discomfiture with the significance of the King's remark, "my Academy," whither he wished West to send "Regulus," we must hark back some years, to the date of the first art exhibition in England, at the rooms of the Society of Arts in the Strand, which was open from the 21st of April to the 1st of May, 1760, the attraction being 130 pictures by 69 artists. This idea had come to the artists of that day from the success of the exhibition of pictures held at the Foundling Hospital, to which the public was admitted, and which consisted of works exhibited by Reynolds, Hogarth, and others. The Strand Exhibition was a good beginning, and being successful naturally provoked strife and contention. In the very next year many members decided to open an exhibition of their own; but those who remained waxed so successful, that in 1765 they solicited the incorporation of the Society by Royal Charter, which the King granted. Though they exhibited from year from year, no attempt had as yet been made by the Society to develop an academy for art instruction from their organisation. Those who wished to do their duty in this very proper way were overruled, but they gained their desires through the very rottenness of the Society itself. The Charter imposed no restriction on the number of members, and as the incapable are always in majority over the "fit," it fell out that those who *could* paint, as painting was understood in those days, were out-voted by indifferent practitioners of the craft. The "fit" murmured, rebelled, resigned; Mr. Benjamin West leading the recalcitrants, and the unfortunate Mr. Kirby those who stayed within the fold. West did not allow the grass to

grow under his feet, but at once played his trump card—he sought the Royal protection. A memorial was drawn up and forwarded to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, soliciting his patronage for the formation of a Society for promoting the Arts of Design. The fame of most of the twenty-two signatories to this memorial has gone with themselves into the night, but some are still remembered—West, Richard Wilson, Cipriani and Angelica Kauffman. They begged Mr. Reynolds to join them, and when he entered the room where they were deliberating even hailed him with one voice as President, but he declined the honour till he had consulted with his friends, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Edmund Burke. On the 7th of December the plan of the proposed Academy, an instrument of twenty-seven long clauses, was submitted to the King; and on Saturday the 10th of December, 1768, was signed by him. Thus was founded *The Royal Academy of Arts in London, for the purpose of cultivating and improving the arts of painting, sculpture and architecture.* Soon a meeting was held, when the great Mr. Joshua Reynolds was elected President. A few days later Mr. Kirby had his memorable interview with George III., to which we have already referred, when he was informed by his Majesty that Mr. West's picture of "Regulus" will go to *my* exhibition—*to that of the Royal Academy.* From that day Mr. Kirby's Society declined, till the day came when only one member was left. Dying at the age of eighty-three, he bequeathed the books, papers, and minute books to the charge of the Royal Academy, in whose care they rest to this day. So survived the fittest and the most favoured.

The King showed an intimate interest in the Royal Academy baby, became its patron, and promised to supply any deficiency in funds from his own purse. The first general assembly was held at Pall Mall, on December 14th, 1768, when the President, Treasurer, Keeper, Secretary, and Council of eight were chosen. Nine Academicians were appointed as Visitors to attend the schools, for a month at a time, for the purpose of instructing the pupils. With a few modifications, these rules last to this day. Among the thirty-four Foundation Members were two of great distinction—Thomas Gainsborough, and the first President.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Sir Joshua's achievement is so well known that he need not detain us long. Born at Plympton, in Devonshire, he early indicated the life he meant to live. After travelling and studying on the Continent, he settled in St. Martin's Lane, where he collected all manner of statues, pictures, and drawings, and became intimate with Johnson and Burke. His devotion to his profession left him scant leisure; between 1769 and 1790, he sent two hundred and forty-four pictures to the Royal Academy, and "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" was among them. He loved his friends, he loved his work, and when his eyesight failed he determined to paint no more. Then he fell ill, and died at his house in Leicester Fields on Thursday evening, February 23rd, 1792.

The Royal Academy throve under Reynolds' Presidency. The first exhibition, held in Pall Mall, numbered one hundred and thirty-six works—seventy-nine being by members of the Academy, and fifty-seven by outsiders. Among them were four Reynolds's and three Gainsboroughs. The takings were £699 17s. 6d., and the expenses £116 14s. 2d. Events progressed rapidly—lectures to students on painting, architecture, and perspective were begun; a new order of members, called Associates, was created which admitted Cosway and Barry, and such forgotten personages as B. Rebecca and Michael Angelo Rooker; and so time passed, some new development, such as travelling studentships, the inauguration of the annual dinner, taking place each year till the hour came (it was in 1780), of the last exhibition in Pall Mall. New Somerset House, the building known to us to-day, was on the eve of completion, and by the King's command the Royal Academy was to be housed there; and there it remained for over half-a-century. The members at once vied with each other in making their new home beautiful—Sir Joshua painted the library ceiling, West the lecture room, and Cipriani the staircase. In 1784 Gainsborough was offended because some of his portraits were not hung where he wished. He never exhibited again. The year 1790 saw the trouble which resulted in Sir Joshua Reynolds tendering his resignation. But King and Academy would have none of it, and he was persuaded to reconsider his decision. On December 10th, 1790, Reynolds

delivered the last of those discourses which had delighted and instructed all who had heard them for so many years. Some presentment that the end was not far off gave a solemnity to his words—to the last words he was to utter from that chair—in praise of his favourite master, Michael Angelo. When he had finished, Burke stepped forward and taking his hand said :—

> "The Angel ended ; and in Adam's ear
> So charming left his voice, that he awhile
> Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear."

He died two years later and

BENJAMIN WEST

reigned in his stead. To us West looms rather a picturesque personality. Prematurely born in Pennsylvania, the tenth child of Quaker parents, he made a drawing of his baby sister in black and red ink at the age of seven. The Cherokee Indians taught him how to prepare colours, and hairs from his mother's cat gave him his first brush. In his sixteenth year the Quaker community discussed the propriety of allowing him to follow so sensual a profession as painter. After prayer and talk they decided not to interfere with Providence ; then the women kissed him, the men laid their hands upon the boy's head, and he pledged himself only to employ his pencil on subjects "holy and pure." The Continental tour followed in due course, then he came to London, and was chosen as a sort of personal friend by the King ; he sent for, and married, the girl he had left behind him in Philadelphia ; he roused no small excitement by the daring innovation of painting the characters in his picture of "The Death of Wolfe," in the costume of the time and country in which they lived ; he was good to artists less fortunate than himself; he became responsible for many portraits, and endless historical and biblical works ; lost the patronage of the Court when the King fell ill ; had trouble with his fellow artists ; like Reynolds, resigned his Presidentship, and like Reynolds returned to the chair, and finally died at the age of eighty-three.

Under him dissensions and troubles often rent the Academy ; but they passed over, as such things do. The body prospered in spite of the foundation of rival societies, and by its many charities earned the gratitude of decayed artists and their women folk. In 1809 varnishing days for members of the Academy were appointed. In 1818 the Jubilee was held, but the rejoicings were tempered by the failing health of the President, and in 1820 he went whither Reynolds had gone, and was buried in the Painter's Corner of St. Paul's Cathedral. Turner was elected under West's Presidentship.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE,

elected President when West died, was born in 1769 at Bristol, the youngest of sixteen children. Fortunate in his environment, fortunate in his training, he came to be the most fashionable portrait painter of the day. His reputation, in fact, was European. He was elected an Academician at twenty-four. His portraits of Mrs. Siddons and Kemble are in the National Gallery, and Windsor contains, in the Waterloo Gallery, his portraits of sovereigns and commanders who blazed through that campaign. It is said that Lawrence was pleased with his "Satan calling his Legions," which hangs now on the staircase leading to the Diploma Gallery. However that may be, it was bitterly satirised by Pasquin ; Fuseli complained that "Lawrence had stolen the devil from him," and to-day we smile at this belligerent Satan. Lawrence died, after a short illness, in 1830, and

SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE

reigned in his stead from the year 1830. Wilkie was his chief competitor ; a better painter, but he would not have made so "incomparable" a President, which was the adjective Leslie applied to Shee. Sir Martin painted portraits, but they are not much in evidence to-day. At any rate, he possessed the gifts necessary to a good President. He was courteous and affable, his taste in literature was nice, and he was an after-dinner speaker of repute. He died in August, 1850, in his eighty-first year. Landseer came to fulfilment under his Presidency.

Something interesting has often happened at the Royal Academy banquet. In 1832 Sir Martin Shee referred to the grant about to be submitted to Parliament for the erection of a new National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, the half of which it was proposed to appropriate to the Royal Academy. Pages, and pages, and pages of history have been written on the merits and demerits of this scheme, but it is enough to say here that a few years later the Academy *was* installed

in Trafalgar Square. The exhibition was opened in much state by William IV. in 1837. So when on the death of Shee in 1850,

SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE

was called to the Presidential chair, the Academy had grown quite used to its quarters in Trafalgar Square, was even perhaps finding them a little cramped. Eastlake excelled rather in the theory than in the practice of his profession. He was Secretary to the Fine Arts Commission of 1841, and in 1855 he was appointed Director of the National Gallery. He wrote on Art matters, and died in 1865.

SIR FRANCIS GRANT

was the next President. He presided for twelve years, his reign being marked by the removal of the Royal Academy from Trafalgar Square to Burlington House. The fine building we all know so well, with its exhibition rooms and offices, cost £150,000, which was paid out of the Academy funds. It was Sir Francis Grant's wish that Frederic Leighton should succeed him, and when he died, in 1878, the members of the Royal Academy carried out his wish by a unanimous vote.

SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON

has now filled the President's chair for fifteen years to the satisfaction and admiration of everybody—to those inside the Royal Academy and to that greater number outside it. "Sir, your son may be as eminent as he pleases," remarked an authority half a century ago to the President's father. Sir Frederic Leighton has chosen to be as eminent as he pleased. President of the Royal Academy, *arrivé* as painter, sculptor, orator, and friend of Princes, baronet of the United Kingdom, linguist, honoured in two continents, decorated by the nations, dweller in a palace, unmarried—his lines have surely fallen in pleasant places. His Art is always decorative, seldom dramatic.

Born at Scarborough sixty-three years ago, he produced "Cimabue finding Giotto" at the age of eighteen, and the Academy hung his "Cimabue's Madonna carried in procession through the streets of Florence" when he was twenty-five. This the Queen bought, and from that day to this he has continued to charm the multitude with graceful inventions from mythology. He has had brilliant lapses into sculpture, as witness the "Sluggard" and the "Athlete struggling with a Python," but into modernity —never. Death, disease, decay are not for him. His eyes have always been on the Delectable Mountains, his dreams are only with the Beautiful, and he would realise them in the pictures he makes of "those fair days of old, when man was young and life an epic."

So our outline account of the history of the Royal Academy comes to an end. The R.A. moves slowly towards reform—perhaps an advantage in these days. It has its critics —but criticism is the fate of all human things. It spends between £5,000 and £6,000 a year on its Schools, and artists who have fallen upon evil times are not forgotten by the Royal Academy.

"THE OUTSIDERS"

SOME EMINENT ARTISTS OF THE DAY *NOT* MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

BY R. JOPE-SLADE.

"MEN worship the rising rather than the setting sun," was a remark made long ago—in the period which Mr. Alma-Tadema paints—in happy days when all good things had not been said, and it was possible to indulge in a felicitous phrase, and not be instantly arraigned at the bar of contemporary criticism for plagiarism. Last year we prefaced our Handbook to the Royal Academy by biographical sketches of the Associates and Academicians. Far be it from us to speak of them as "setting suns;" but they are men who have "arrived"—think of the figures their works realise—at least during their life-times. To describe them was at the best to count the "pips" in an exposed hand. To-day, to vary the metaphor, we send the plough into virgin soil. We deal with the Outsider; the A.R.A. and R.A. of to-morrow, the man at the gate, news of whose coming has reached us, samples of whose work have delighted us, but whose reputation still wants the final *cachet* of acceptance. Notes, biographic, appreciative, or censorious, we submit on two score of such men. We do not pretend to have made selection according to merit. We have given priority to those who were first to answer our letters—good men and true, all of them—but so are many we are compelled by space to leave for 1894. But our task to-day has been more interesting than last year. It consists of discovery, not classification.

One of our Eighty may one day stand at the head of the Forty and grasp the hand of the future Prince of Wales, of the Premier at present at college, of the then all dominant man of letters who now loves the willow and hates the quill, and of the almost omniscient scientist of that age, now tickling the feelers of a cautious but curious prawn in some tide-left pool, as these, the illustrious Englishmen of the opening decades of the twentieth century, step up that avenue of exotics, the crimsoned stairs that lead to the Banqueting Chamber, some fine last Saturday in April. The problem is, out of the artists whose silhouettes we now cast to find the embryonic P.R.A. There is always, of course,

> "some little craft that is cast away
> In its very first trip in Babbicombe Bay,
> While another rides safe in Port Natal."

But the large majority of those who have reached the serene latitudes of our Handbook have doubled the Cape, and are bound for the land of Ophir.

The process of evolution is generally very similar. The first thing for an artist to do is to be born, noting carefully at the time the district or county which is henceforth to be proud of him, and from which he will boast he hails, long after success and luxury have made him a most inveterate cockney. The second thing is for him to ascertain what, if any, hereditary predisposition to art may exist. We are strong on the transmission of talent in these days when sterpiculture is become an exact science. Then follows the story of choice of detested vocation or profession, to oblige too cautious parents, succeeded by rebellion and freedom. Some

there are who go straight for art from the Grammar school. They are the exceptions. The art education consists of attending classes at the local school of art, especially with such fortunate students as lived near Lincoln, Birmingham, Manchester, Lambeth, Newcastle, or Glasgow; then to London, with the Slade Schools, South Kensington, or Heatherley's, followed sometimes by the Royal Academy Schools, with or without rewards and medals; and sometimes by other refining agencies. In five cases out of six the English course is succeeded by a visit to the lapidaries of Paris—Bonnat, Boulanger, Carolus-Duran, Cabanel, Dagnan-Bouveret, Cormon, or another; sometimes it is that fine teacher, the late M. Verlat, of Antwerp; occasionally Munich or Düsseldorf have been chosen. A chronicle of awards follows; the capitals of France, Germany, and Belgium, have been generous. In rare cases we have the highest honour that can fall to a living artist, the Luxembourg buys a picture or a bronze. There is also the home record. Such and such a year "was first accepted at the Royal Academy," succeeding years, "hung on the Line," then purchase of work by home and Australasian corporations; lastly, "bought by the trustees of the Chantrey Fund for the Nation." This begins to be serious. The Chantrey choice is oftenest the shadow cast before by the coming event, the herald of the Associateship.

That comes, then the long waiting in the vestibule—the purgatorial chamber; after that some hear the welcome sound, "friend come up higher;" then the period of R.A. Elect, the giving of the diploma picture, the full Academicianship; and to the very few trusteeships, librarianships, keeperships, presidencies, knighthoods, baronetcies. But all these things lie in the dim and distant courses of the future.

This year the outsiders present a peculiar interest, the Academy is on the eve of a very unusual augmentation. Mr. J. W. North, the exquisite water-colour landscape painter, by the recent surprise election, has ceased to be an "outsider," and succeeded the resigned Associate, Mr. Burne-Jones. But vacancies will occur when Messrs. Gilbert, Henry Moore, McWhirter, and Woods have deposited their diploma works, and thus formally completed their Academicianship. And so we have four potential Associateships, greatly depending on this year's exhibition.

It is not for us to attempt to forecast the action of the august Forty. The greatest outsider of them all, Mr. J. M. Swan, does not exhibit. He so respects his art that his picture not being quite finished on "sending-in day," he refused to race it to enhance his chance of election. Mr. Albert Moore's non-admission is an old, old story. Mr. Arthur Hacker, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon seem to head the figure men. Mr. George Clausen represents repentant New English Clubism and modified Bastien-Lepagery. Mr. Frank Bramley, Mr. H. S. Tuke and Mr. Fred Hall are the champions of Newlyn, Mr. Alfred East is the greatest of the English and Mr. David Farquharson of the Scottish poetic, imaginative, landscapists; Mr. Yeend King is racier of the soil and wields a more realistic brush. The marvellous development of Sculpture within the bosom of the Academy's own School offer us such names as Frampton, Duchy, Lucchesi, Fehr, Pegram and the student Paul Montfort.

The American contingent are greatly preoccupied with the World's Fair. Mr. Whistler, of course, has long moved on a superior plane. Mr. Millet and Mrs. Anna Lea Merrett, though both honoured by the Chantrey, send nothing. Mr. George Hitchcock has eyes only for Chicago. Mr. E. A. Abbey is busy beautifying Boston Library. Mr. Moser does not repeat last year's success; Mr. J. J. Shannon is not quite as prolific as usual. Mr. McLure Hamilton sends a portrait of Mr. Onslow Ford, A.R.A., in return for the Associate's bust of himself. To Mr. J. S. Sargent the supreme American award is due. He is a prince in Piccadilly, an Emperor in Regent Street.

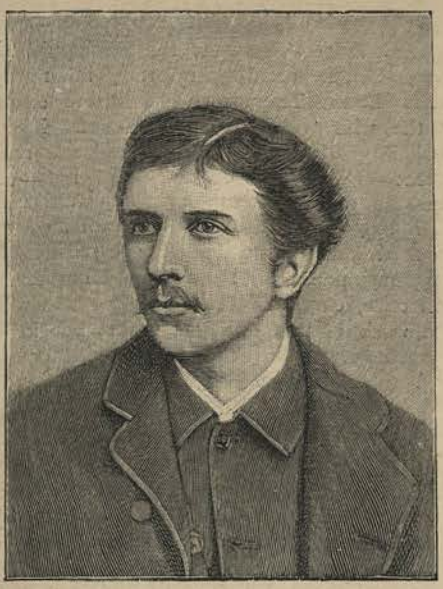
It is an interesting year, and what shall come of it—*Qui vivra verra!*

MR. DOUGLAS ADAMS.

THOUGH the affinity of purpose in the lifework, say of Mr. Burne-Jones and "Mr. Manton," may not at first sight be obvious, Art and Sport go hand in hand. The most ancient works of art in existence are of sporting subjects; their authors were sportsmen, and nothing else. We refer, of course, to the *sgraffito* work, illustrating the victims of their prowess, left by the Cave men on the walls of their substantial residences. Mr. Adams is essentially a sporting artist. He began by shooting over Dalnawillan, in Caithness. When there was nothing on the moor to slay, he sketched. But that was only as an amateur. At twenty-three he determined to become an artist. No sooner said than done. Three winters he worked at the Slade Schools. Three summers out-of-doors he used rod, rifle, and brush under Mr. T. C. Burt. At twenty-seven his work arrived at Burlington House. His first sporting picture was "Grouse Driving," and a score of kindred works will suggest themselves since he moves about the world with a halo of photogravic popularity. Let it be clearly understood, Mr. Adams is a *paysagiste* first. The qualities he goes for are weather, atmosphere, spaciousness and light. His figures are small and sporting. It need not lessen their decorative value that they happen to be accurate.

MRS. ALMA-TADEMA.

MR. ALMA-TADEMA, the distinguished Anglo-Dutch painter, married, in 1871, Miss Laura Theresa Epps, whose sister is the wife of Mr. Edmund Gosse. Even had Miss Epps lacked artistic desire and talent—which she certainly did not—as the wife of the famous Academician, living in a home so gloriously beautiful as hers is, talking art, breathing art, she must infallibly have painted. Doubtless the husband's influence, care, and tuition go for much in the work of this dainty painter; but it is, nevertheless, quite apart from his feeling and subject, Mrs. Tadema going rather to the land of his birth than of his art for themes. She is at her best when painting small, luminous interiors with little children, richly but demurely dressed, in such compositions as "Self-Invited," "Rain, rain, go to Spain," and "The Woolwinders," which was hung last year close to a picture by Mrs. Forbes, and at an exhibition which also contained work by Mrs. J. M. Swan. Mrs. Tadema sends chiefly to the New Gallery, where her "Many Stitches, many Thoughts" now hangs, and where the Tadema influence is so strong that one of the walls gives us quite a family party. Her daughter was, last year, an exhibitor, with an all-sky study called "Air, air, blue air and white," and now again with "Track of the Strayed."



MR. W. H. BARTLETT.

A PAINTER of sea and land, the picture which has brought Mr. Bartlett the most fame, and we are sure which caused him the most trouble, was his "Savages' Saturday Night." The artist undertook the difficult task of painting one of the famous weekly entertainments of this Bohemian club *par excellence*, before it quitted its quiet old quarters within the Savoy for the present splendour of its Adams' Mansion in the Adelphi. He gave us a long, low room with greenish walls, lighted by curious lamps sunk like those of railway carriages into the ceiling; rows of white tables, and tiers of well-known men, Mr. Franklin Clive standing at the piano, singing no doubt his great drinking song, and the place dreamy with smoke and eloquent of after-dinner and after-day's-work abandon. It was in his choice of members that the painter came to grief. Including Mr. Irving and his ever-faithful attendant Mr. Toole, and other rare visitors, he omitted some of those who form the club's *cors cordium*. In the foreground is an empty chair, and a Savage, not portraited, in pointing out the various notabilities to a visiting stranger—for the picture hangs over the club fireplace—generally says, "That is my chair." Its array of art critics alarmed the Academicians, who promptly rejected it.

MR. JOHN H. BACON.

A YOUNG artist, he is only in the third decade, of great promise and one of the exhibition pupils of the Royal Academy. The art instinct is hereditary in him; and a youth spent in frequently visiting the studio of his father, a lithographer, brought it into active play. At fifteen he left school, studied for the Academy Schools and succeeded in passing in. Immediately honours fell to him, the Creswick silver medal for the life class, a Landseer scholarship and other smaller matters. He received his first varnishing ticket in 1888 for his picture, "Never More;" and the postman has not failed to pay him a similar compliment each succeeding April. Last year brought him fame in the most *fin-de-siècle* guise. Mr. Lever, the proprietor of Sunlight Soap, purchased his "A Wedding Morning," a picture popular with the public because of its acute observation of rustic types and characters, and with painters because of its careful values and textures. Mr. Bacon and Sir John Millais thus become the great apostles of cleanliness. The soap man has used the picture for mural and other trade purposes. But none can say it furnishes Sir William Harcourt with an argument in favour of his suggested tax on wall posters.

MR. FRANK BRAMLEY.

THE technique of the Newlyner is often thus roughly described: the ordinary, every-day artist, if he wants to paint a ship's mast against the sky, takes a brush, coming to fine point, and draws it vertically up and down his canvas in the place desired. The Newlyner does nothing of the sort. He uses a squarer brush and gets his mast by a series of horizontal strokes, and of the practitioners of this technique Mr. Bramley is the easy first; indeed, his strength and dexterity are marvellous. He has been called the Father of the Newlyn School; but its followers are social democrats in art and live on a perfect equality, refusing even to permit the paternal title to be used. Let it suffice that Mr. Bramley was one of the very first to artistically prospect and settle the Toe of Great Britain; and that his genius, perhaps, first roused public interest in the new school, the purchase of his "Hopeless Dawn" by the "Chantrey" marking the awakening of the authorities to new facts. He and Mr. Stanhope Forbes are in joint command of the western contingent. One of the most famous masters ever sent out from South Kensington, Mr. Tayler, guided the early pencil of this leader in art, and at the Lincoln School. Mr. Bramley loves to depict the greyer events of grey lives greyly. "After Fifty Years" is an exception.

MR. FRANK BRANGWYN.

IN biographic picturesqueness Mr. Brangwyn stands alone. Of Welsh parentage, born in Belgium twenty-six years ago, he has never enjoyed any regular art training. His father, at one time assistant to the late Sir Horace Jones, the City architect, once lived at Bruges and set up an *atelier* for the copying of ancient ecclesiastical embroideries, and the lad might have had worse living teachers as to the relation of colours, the value of tone and the beauty of design, than the long-dead monks. At sixteen, Mr. Frank Brangwyn began the world for himself, trying his hand at many things, and casting himself adrift from the restraint of the designing rooms of Mr. William Morris to ship before the mast aboard the coasting schooner "Laura Ann," bound from Sandwich to Seaham. When Mr. Brangwyn paints the vicissitudes of sea-life, he draws on his memory, not his imagination. He has visited and painted in the Euxine, Africa, and Spain. His studio neighbours that of Mr. Arthur Melville—a significant fact. Mr. Brangwyn's art is at present in a transition stage, "Ashore," "Salvage," and "The Convict Ship," are pictures of wide celebrity. The French wanted to buy his "Burial at Sea" for the Luxembourg. But an English purchaser had forestalled them.

MR. STANLEY BERKELEY.

THE fox-terrier is to many of our most popular artists what Pasht, the Cat, was to the Egyptian priesthood. They spend their lives in his service, a service which proves far from unremunerative. Mr. Burton Barber began it. His little girl trying to feed a fox-terrier puppy out of a mustard-pot, called "Once Bitten Twice Shy," had an initial and extraordinary success. But that is another story. Our present concern is that since the exhibition of that picture in the Academy, the quaint, intelligent-eyed, stumpy-tailed, little, spotted white dog has had our picture galleries completely at his mercy. He is ubiquitous. Of this new cult Mr. Stanley Berkeley is high priest. Mr. Berkeley attained to his lofty sacerdotal functions with great difficulty. For five years he laboured in the uncongenial city, studying in the evening at Lambeth, where he took a National Gold Medal. In 1880 he began to exhibit at the Royal Academy, and has generally been fortunate there up to the present year of grace. He is a great illustrator of books, turning out excellent battle pieces, wild animal subjects, and at home whenever strong and vigorous dramatic action is demanded. He was for four years a member of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, and his works were always anticipated with pleasure—but he resigned.

MR. W. E. F. BRITTEN.

AS a painter of easel pictures Mr. Britten may fearlessly challenge comparison with his fellow artists. But that is his least merit. Nothing in art is alien to him; and he regards all things created, all the problems of life from its standpoint. The late Alfred Stevens, the English Michelangelo, died, leaving behind him the draft of such a scheme of internal decoration for St. Paul's as should make the great Cathedral the polychromatic splendour Sir Christopher had dreamed. Mr. Watts' magnificent design of St. Matthew for one of the spandrels under the dome is well known. He also began the St. John, but left it to Mr. Britten to finish; and the latter designed the St. Mark and St. Luke, which, reproduced by Salviati, of Venice, in glass mosaic, are now in their places, impressive in their architectural massiveness of outline, dignified simplicity of treatment and sober glow of colour. Some of our churches and many of our homes are the nobler for Mr. Britten's brush. "Che Sara Sara," at the New Gallery last year, was one of many proofs of what Mr. Britten can do with a *chevalet* canvas; but maybe when every shred of the perishable material to which artists are to-day confiding their thoughts has passed into nothingness the steadfast stone will still be bearing him testimony.

MR. LOCKHART BOGLE.

MR. LOCKHART BOGLE is, before all things, a Scotchman, carrying the passion of his patriotism into his art; but, cannily living, painting and selling in London. Brought up in the picturesque and romantic Invernesshire Valley of Glenelg, where his grandsire was minister, he learned to know much of the character, traditions and inner life of the Highlander, and also acquired a knowledge of Gaelic, of which he is proud in exact proportion to its inutility as a means of communicating human thought. After seven years' drudgery at the office of a Glasgow writer, he found himself free to map out his career, and fled away to Dusseldorf and studied under Professor Jansen. The public revel in his effective and warlike pictures dealing with the days when might was right, and "the stern joy which warriors feel in foemen worthy of their steel." He is as fond of the Stuart epic as Meissonier was of the Napoleonic, and his "Charles Stuart and the Robbers," of last year, was one of his most important works. He possesses a fine collection of arms, books and other things relating to the period and people he loves, and in his dreams is haunted by heroes in the garb of Old Gaul; but devotes many of his waking hours to the fine and remunerative portraiture of the Southron.

MR. BURNE-JONES.

Sui generis in art and history. In 1886, unsolicited, the Royal Academy did themselves the honour and paid him the compliment of making him an Associate. He then exhibited for the first and only time a mermaiden descending the depths of the sea with the corpse of the man she had uselessly coveted. It bore the significant Virgilian legend "*Habes tota quod mente petisti infelix*" which being very vulgarly interpreted might be taken to mean "Now that you've got me, I hope you will like me." Years rolled on, the guest, with such fine courtesy bidden, was kept cooling his heels in the vestibule, whilst later-comers were heralded into the Banqueting Chamber of the Forty. So, early in the present year of grace, Mr. Burne-Jones, more in sorrow than in anger, determined to sever his connection with an organisation which he was ever as little in sympathy with as his great friend and master, Rossetti. But he promises —that all men may bear witness his absence of rancour—that he will exhibit as occasion serves at Burlington House. This year the unexpected demands of the Salon prevent. All the past winter his works have been filling the New Gallery and his art and theories the thoughts of men. He has a son Philip, who exhibits paintings.

LADY BUTLER.

WHEN the Royal Academy was first founded, Angelica Kauffmann and Mary Moser enjoyed the full honours of membership. In the celebrated picture of the original Forty the portraits of the ladies, however, are given to us second-hand as medallions on the wall. The august body would seem of late years to have mislaid its right to honour the fair; but we believe it has been recovered though not yet exercised. Some years ago, Miss Elizabeth Thompson, for she had not then married General Butler, sent "The Roll Call" to the Academy. It was the sensation of the year. The Prince of Wales mentioned it in his Banquet speech; F. M. the Duke of Cambridge gave it the highest military approval in the land. "Quatre Bras" and "Scotland for Ever!" are Lady Butler's most vigorous works. The latter was painted under conditions rarely enjoyed by an artist. She sat in the open on a camp-stool, her husband's cavalry regiment charged down on her, and she took sketches. Her pictures were long the attraction at Messrs. Graves in Pall-Mall. In the present Academy will be found her charge of furious and ungainly camels. Lady Butler now has other and more womanly cares, and the Hangers place her high in the penultimate room instead of on the "Line" of the big gallery.

MR. W. FRANK CALDERON.

IT is written that the sons of Associates and Academicians shall take unto themselves the daughters of Associates and Academicians; and in this respect Mr. Calderon resembles Mr. Nicol. Mrs. Calderon signed her name Armstead for the last time in a vestry in 1892. Mr. Calderon is assured of a great success—a painter in England who can paint dogs in such fashion as to satisfy the artist in line and grace, the show bench connoisseur as to points and build, and the *moyen homme sensuel* as to sentiment, has only to ask and have. And all these things in his twenty-eighth year Mr. Calderon does. Let his "Orphans," last year, a stately greyhound seated with two little pug pups between its slender out-stretched legs, and his present "Gelert," the peerless hound whom Llewellyn slew in his haste, killing the wolf, testify. Mr. Calderon was educated at the University College School, where in 1879 he obtained the Trevelyan-Goodall Scholarship, which admitted him to the Slade School for three years, and there he won the Slade Scholarship. His first R.A. picture, "Feeding the Hungry," in 1882, went to Windsor. "The Day of Many Friends," "John Hampden Mortally wounded at Chalgrove," and "Inspection of Horses at a London Brewery," are titles that occur to the mind.

MR. LANCE CALKIN.

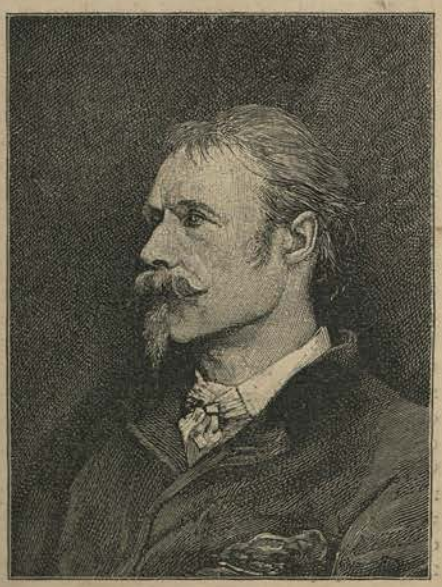
THE record of Mr. Lance Calkin's life is as humdrum on the page as it has doubtless been pleasant in reality. Prosperity does not make for literature, and yet people persist in preferring prosperity to misery, despite the desire of their neighbours to be entertained at their expense. Mr. Calkin, it is true, had his trials, but they were soon over. The second son of the musician and composer, George Calkin, born in 1859, at the age of thirteen he was sent into the city to add his little quota to the importance of the greatest market on earth. But he added it with the worst grace in the world, and after having served three years as a helot of modern commerce joyously betook himself to study the antique at the British Museum, the Slade Schools and South Kensington, and gained admission to the R.A. classes. In 1882,he exhibited at the Burlington House, and has never omitted to do so since. For the last six years he has devoted himself almost exclusively to painting portraits, than which there is no occupation more remunerative or more unsensational. His vigorous and manly picture of last year, "Salmon Poachers," two men—rough men—and a little girl crouching under a bank, was one of the most attractive compositions at the R.A., and made us the more begrudge Mr. Calkin his success as a limner of the well-to-do.

MR. JOHN CHARLTON.

THE artist in England who can draw a horse vigorously and accurately, and paint the sheen of his coat, has fortune at his feet. Mr. Charlton has this gift. He is master of the style the M.F.H. appreciates. Born at Bramborough, Northumberland, in 1849, he studied art at Newcastle; but not being at first in a position to trust to his talents for his livelihood, entered the office of an iron-master, subsequently spending some months in the studio of Mr. J. D. Watson. In 1870 he succeeded in getting his first work into the R.A., and has been represented there with praiseworthy regularity ever since. Such pictures as "A Winter's Day," "Stag at Bay," "Full Cry," "Bad News from the Front," and "Balaclava," need only be named to reproduce themselves on the retina of our memory. Last year Mr. Charlton sent a picture of the Jubilee Procession in the London streets to the Academy. The subject was difficult, but the loyalty of the Academy is great, and it was conspicuously hung in the Big Room. Many of the stately homes of England boast equestrian portraits of their masters by Mr. Charlton, who contributes a vast amount of military and sporting illustration to the weekly papers. At the Hogarth Club he is one of the Governing Body, and also one of the most popular members.

MR. WALTER CRANE.

OF talents so bright and various that we should need three hundred lines instead of thirty only to enumerate his attributes, did he merely take the trouble to exist, his distinctive face would be remembered by generations that will ignore the names of the celebrities of our day as the man who sat to Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. for one of the finest portraits of the present age. Shall we approach him as painter of easel pictures in oils, water-colours, pastels or even gesso, or as decorative artist teaching us to make our homes beautiful, or as one of the greatest book illustrators of our day, or as an art reformer binding himself under solemn pledges with other men (which most of them broke) never to exhibit at the Academy until the Forty's eyes were opened to the claims of forms of art other than "oiligarchic," or as a Socialist thinker, or as the first president of the Arts and Crafts Society which he did nearly all to found? His pictures, "The Diver," honoured at Paris, "The Fate of Persephone," "Freedom," and others, have been seen at the New Gallery and the Grosvenor; his water-colours, at the Old Water-Colour Society, of which he is an associate. His decorative work is co-extensive in distribution with the Anglo-Saxon race, and its influence strong in the States, where he spent last summer.



THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.

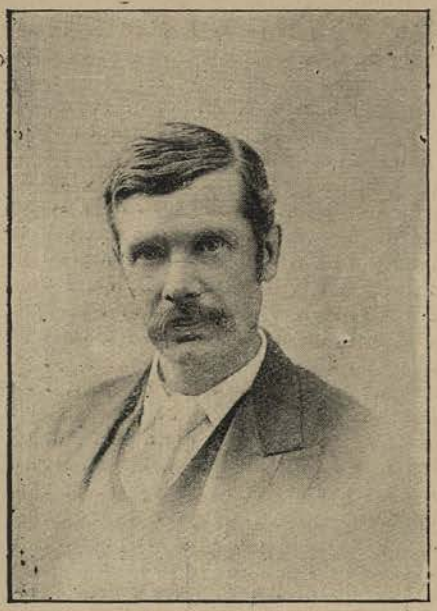
MR. COLLIER finds himself well hung at the Academy, and as he is no niggard in canvas, his pictures attract attention. Last year few people left Burlington House without seeing his mammoth portrait of Miss Julia Neilson in a prawn-pink dress. Fewer could have failed to remark his "Death of Cleopatra" in 1891. Mr. Collier is fond of subjects from the play-house, and does not lack dramatic power. In 1881 he sold to the "Chantrey" one of his finest pictures, "The Last Voyage of Henry Hudson." As a portrait painter he enjoys an extensive practice. One day John Burns walked into his studio, and furnished a refreshing change after the ladies of fashion, and M. F. H's. of daily routine. But Mr. Collier was equal to the occasion, and the sketch portrait of the swarthy, fiery Tribune, at the New Gallery, was not one of the least successful of his efforts. As a student he enjoyed unusual privileges. He left the Slade School to study under J. P. Laurens in Paris, and when he returned to England, Mr. Alma-Tadema painted his picture "The Sculptor's Model," as a lesson to him at his own studio. For several reasons there are many amongst the Forty who would like to see Mr. Collier write A.R.A. after his signature. Once he came very near to doing so.

MR. HENRY EDWARD DETMOLD.

As near Heaven as the structure of the room permits, in the last gallery of the Royal Academy, hangs Mr. Detmold's sole contribution of the year. It is a pity the Hangers have given "After Many Days" so celestial a situation. It is a humorous picture; and humour is not in redundance. An urchin sits on his little islet of rock, a fishing rod in his hands. After many days patient endeavour he has caught a fish. True it is not edible; it is the bully or bull-head of the days of our youth. But the lad's sporting instincts are satisfied, and we thoroughly enter into his rejoicing. So many of us, when we obtain what we have striven for, can do nothing with it. Mr. Detmold is a pupil of M. Carolus-Duran; and has for many years been an exhibitor at the Paris Salon. He is in touch with Newlyn, having lived there and at St. Ives for six years; but now dwells at Hastings. He has been an exhibitor at the Royal Academy since 1882, and has shown at the Grosvenor and the Grafton, in which latter gallery his "Peaceful Evening" has only just ceased to attract attention. One of our leading art magazines thought fit to make him the victim of its first experiment in coloured reproduction, and so it chanced that his "A Breezy Day" has become very familiar.

MR. ALFRED DRURY.

No feature is more marked in contemporary art than what is sometimes called the Renascence—malicious wits say Nascence—of British Sculpture. A choir boy at New College, Oxford, Mr. Drury became a student at the local school of art, and so greatly was he impressed by the collection of Chantrey's works that he determined to be a sculptor—or nothing. Events have decided that he should be a sculptor—and a good one. Taking the advice of Mr. Brock, R.A., he went to South Kensington and broke the record with his successes, taking three gold medals in three successive years. It was there he met the French sculptor, Dalou, whose favourite pupil he became. An amnesty for offences of a certain complexion being granted, the Master returned to Paris; and Mr. Drury accompanied him, working for three years at the former's famous "Triumph of the Republic." He returned to England to enter the fashionable studio of the late Sir Edgar Boehm. Of Mr. Drury's Academy works let us cite "The Triumph of Silence," "The First Lesson," "Evening Prayers" and "Echo." All these he unquestionably out-distances this year with his "Circe," vigorous and spontaneous, yet classically graceful. The beautiful witch stands on a pedestal, which realistic swine encircle.



MR. ALFRED EAST.

OUR most poetic landscape-painter, he stands with one foot on the threshold of the Academy. Born at commercial Kettering he was almost starved by his Philistine surroundings. Business taking him to Glasgow, he found facilities opening to him for the study he loved, and embraced them with all the greater fervour seeing that he was already much more than a lad. Subsequently he studied under MM. Fleury and Bouguereau, and the glamour of the 1830 men taking hold of him he went down to Barbizon and there, in an orchard, painted his first picture, "Dewy Morn." M. Zola defines art as Nature seen through temperament. Mr. East's work might best be described as temperament revealed in Nature. His pictures are gentle pastorals, breathing a restful loveliness. In theory he is a transcendentalist, quoting Shakespeare as summing up the whole duty of art when he spoke of flattering the mountain tops with sovereign eye and gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy. The best places are reserved for him at the Royal Academy. His "Golden Valley" is diplomatically more positive in touch than usual. He is a Royal Institute water-colourist and a Royal Painter-Etcher. He has wintered in Japan, and is a member of the Meiji Bijutui Kwai.

MR. GEORGE FRAMPTON.

AN old Academy student, born in 1860, he never gave a thought to any other career than art, beginning to study under Mr. W. S. Frith, of Lambeth, for sculpture, and Professor Brown for drawing. In 1882, he entered the Academy Schools, and during his course took prize after prize, concluding in 1887, when he went out with the gold medal and £200, which enabled him to go to Paris and study under M. Dagnan-Bouveret and M. Mercié, the sculptor. His first success was the "Ange de la Mort," exhibited in the Salon of 1889, which earned a medal for the young Englishman. At the R.A., in the same year, he exhibited "Christabel." He has followed up these triumphs by such important works as "The Captive," which to-day represents him at the World's Fair, and his low relief of "St. Christina," which critics of discretion have adjudged as worthy to rank with the best Cinquecentist work. Mr. Frampton is versatile. As an architectural decorator he has done much beautiful work, but none has brought him greater fame than the terra cotta ornamentation of the Constitutional Club in Northumberland Avenue and the beautification of the ceiling which Mr. George Lewis contemplates when he looks upwards at home and forgets the skeletons locked away in cupboards in Hatton Garden.

MR. MARK FISHER.

HE is a member of the New English Art Club; that is the great point. During the winter the foes—and they are numerous—of these uhlans of the advancing hosts of art militant, set about all sorts of reports about most of its members, the most detrimental being the alleged resignation of this fine and distinctive painter of verdant meadows daisy-pied, of orchards pink and white in the tender spring, of glad colour and clear light in rather airless landscapes. But it was not true. Like Stansfield, Mr. Fisher was originally a scene-painter, and practised that bold profession in Boston. Leaving the property-room he came to Europe, entered the studio of Gleyre in Paris—through which his illustrious countryman, Mr. Whistler, had passed before him—and all in good time, obeying the natural laws of gravitation, came to London. His first art society was the Dudley, in the galleries of which he exhibited in the days of its prime. He is well known at the recently-demised Grosvenor, New and Grafton. He generally exhibits at the Academy, but is not represented this year. He was at one time a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, but now affects that medium so little that he has resigned. His works are "gey guid" to live with.

MR. MELTON FISHER.

THE Hanging Committee are wont to give us one or two fine pictures in the last two rooms, to speed the parting guest with a quickened appreciation of the merits of the exhibition. The finest of these cheering last words, in 1892, was Mr. Melton Fisher's delightful study of moon and Chinese lantern lights, which he called "A Summer Night," the scene being Venetian, with people sitting at their *café*. Mr. Fisher is under a debt of gratitude to Mr. Sparks, now at South Kensington, whom he, Mr. Stanhope Forbes and many others, first met when they were at school at Dulwich College. From Dulwich Mr. Fisher passed to Lambeth, from Lambeth to Paris, to study sculpture under M. Bonnaffé, and thence back to London and the Academy Schools, where his Continental training gave him the advantage of all competitors, culminating in his winning the Travelling Scholarship, which enabled him to study and tour at his ease in Italy. Mr. Fisher's life is spent under ideal conditions. He lives at Venice, and paints subject pictures. "A First Communion," "Festa," bought by Sydney, and "La Sposa," are amongst his Academy successes. In the season he comes to London, and paints portraits, Mrs. Val Prinsep and Canon Carver D.D., being in the long string of his sitters.

MRS. STANHOPE FORBES.

IT has been the smiling good fortune of many Newlyners to win artist wives. No work that travels up by the Great Western Railway to the London art-mart from West Cornwall gives the public more unalloyed pleasure than that of the lady who made her fame as Miss Elizabeth Armstrong. It pleases everybody; the austere critic who cares for nothing but technique and touch, colour and composition, the great liberal-minded public which cares for everything. Mrs. Forbes, let the heralds noise it abroad, is not an American; she was born in Canada; but she owes her training to the Art Students League of New York. Ten years ago in fear and trembling she sent three pictures to the Institute. The hangmen in those days were excellent judges, they hung the lot. Some of her pastel drawings of children romping in the open sunny fields, full of action, direct and true, exhibited at the Grosvenor, live in the memory. For seven years she has dwelt at Newlyn. The graciousness which distinguishes all that she does, enters into her etching. A medal from Paris is amongst her trophies. Married in 1889 to Mr. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A., her new home is Trewarveneth, at Paul, Penzance, a charming farm-house, built in 1609, formerly one of the seats of the Godolphin family.

MR. ROBERT FOWLER.

A PAINTER of the nude and of landscape with a predeliction for producing figures in water-colour, nearly life-sized, which he affirms have a bloom not obtainable in oils, though it is possible they may lack qualities to be got in oils with less obvious effort. Such a work is his "Sleep," which is now arraigned at the tribunal of the Royal Institute. It seems to us to restate at great length those concise, exhaustive lines of Keats it illustrates; but it proves its painter's mastery of technique. Mr. Fowler is Caledonian, born near the "old grey town" of St. Andrews, in Fife. He studied at Heatherley's and under a private master, finally entering the R.A. Schools, but being forced by feeble health to relinquish his course went back to his fresh native air, nature, and the country, to paint landscape. For the past seventeen years he has lived at Liverpool, where he has built a fine studio, leaving regularly for two months in the summer to refresh his landscape art. He has been for many years a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and his "Spirit of the Morning," an upright nude figure floating over the seas, in the north gallery at the New last year, is a pleasant memory with many of us. His art has been defined as "the application of modern treatment and feeling to imaginative work."

MR. HERBERT GANDY.

A FORTUNATE painter, admired by the public, and patronised and purchased by the quality—the quality in art, we mean. Was precocious, since he was scarcely free from his masters, Messrs. Sparkes and Nightingale at the famous Lambeth School of Art, when he ventured to exhibit at a black-and-white exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, and found to his surprise that on the evening of the private-view day, all his work had changed hands. He was then seventeen. The next year he was standing on the second rung of the artistic ladder. He had a water-colour, "Overy Mill, Oxon," on the line. "Aphrodite Hears," "September," which so fastidious a judge as Mr. Onslow Ford A.R.A., thought too good to pass into the hands of the outer circle, and "Rescue," which Sir Frederic Leighton would have bought for the Sidney Gallery had not a native purchaser been before him, are amongst his better known works. Though not a regular worker in black-and-white, Mr. Gandy occasionally relapses into the medium of his first triumph, illustrates books, and labours for the art press. Decorative art engrosses a good deal of his attention: and he is an authority held in much respect in several of the great metropolitan schools. He lives and paints on the Surrey side.

MR. NORMAN GARSTIN.

IRELAND, generous in her men of letters, speech and war, is niggardly in the arts; but Mr. Garstin is countryman of Maclise and Mulready, only son of the late Lieut.-Colonel William Garstin, and born in County Tipperary in 1847. Educated in Jersey, trained to be, what he never became, an architect, he saw a good deal of the world before he ventured to paint any of it. 1872 found him at the Cape, correspondent to the London *Standard*, and subsequently "sampling" the various vicissitudes of colonial life as diamond-digger, government clerk and sub-editor of the *Cape Signet*. 1877 saw him home again, ardent for art, and away to Verlat, at Antwerp, in the following year; passing from Belgium to Paris, and the studio of Carolus Duran, 1884 discovered him in Italy, going on to Tangier; 1886 venturing through Spain. Perhaps the garish light of these sunny countries made him long for quieter climes. He has settled down in grey, cool, equable Newlyn, summering occasionally in the States and painting the fisher folk steadily and well, in strict accordance with the tenets of his school. "A Stranger," "The Iron Master," "A Cotillon," and "The Signal," runs the roll of his many successes.

MR. HUGH DE T. GLAZEBROOK.

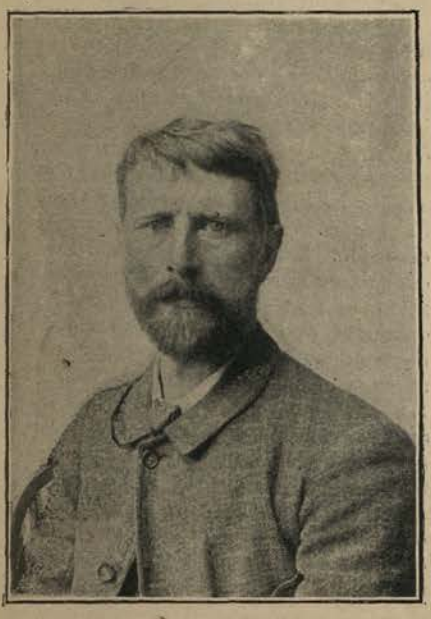
HE loves a big canvas. How many of us at the Grosvenor looked up at his picture, hung above the staircase, of the three little daughters of Mr. St. Barbe Sladen, and wondered? But spaciousness is a good fault, and that same season a very notable picture was hanging at the Academy, dealing with a Napoleonic legend. A broad and open landscape was flooded with luminous atmosphere; a weary sentinel had tumbled to rest on the inviting hay; the Little Corsican, on his rounds, had noted the man, shouldered his musket, taken his post and awaited his awakening. The soldier starts—"C'est l'Empereur, je suis perdu!" Æsthetically and popularly it was a fine picture; but it created less stir than it might. The next year at the Salon its painter's pride was satisfied. Well placed again, it enjoyed a sensational success; and to-day, in photogravure, while it hangs on the World's Fair walls, spreads its painter's fame in France and America. South Kensington and Bonnat are responsible for as much of Mr. Glazebrook's art as schools can teach an original painter. Connected with Hull, shipping, strikes and baccarat through his wife, and having a brother, head-master of Clifton College, it is not surprising that he has listened to the guiles of the demon of successful portraiture.

MR. LOUIS GRIER.

UNTIL the spring of the current year, Mr. Grier's was a name to the general British public, and little more, but that was their fault, certainly not his. As long ago as 1887, he had exhibited at the Academy "Golden Autumn Evening." In 1891, his "The Night Watch," a fine composition—Cornish seine boats riding at their nets in the tranquil silence of the summer night, a dexterous treatment of moonlight and brazier-light, took a medal at the Salon, Paris, and this picture, now hanging in the place of honour in Suffolk Street, filled a third of the space given to the R.B.A. by many critics. Apparently Mr. Grier has been his own teacher. Born eight-and-twenty years ago, in Australia, of Irish parents, for some time he devoted the leisure of a bank clerk's life to amateur painting, but coming to England in 1884, he begun "open air work at St. Ives before St. Ives colony existed," and disclaims, to this day, all connection with the establishment over the way, the School of Newlyn. Last year he and sixty-one of his pictures were the lions of Melbourne. He is own brother to Mr. Wyley Grier the sculptor, and in a notable hand heads his letters, "The Foc'sle, St. Ives." The rejection of his picture of Mevagissey Harbour in the gloaming keeps the Hanging Committee wake o' nights.

MR. THOMAS COOPER GOTCH.

HE is of the usual age—between thirty-five and forty—offers the usual Newlyn career, varied by a tincture of colonialism, and is a fellow-townsman of Mr. Alfred East. On the advice of Mr. Wimperis, Mr. Gotch took to art, studied at Heatherley's, vainly attempted the Academy Schools, went to Antwerp, stayed two years at the Slade School, spent three years with Jean Paul Laurens, visited Australia and New Zealand, left specimens of his talent, ever productive of new commissions, in both colonies, came back to London, became one of the moving spirits of the New English Art Club, and is proud to be no longer connected either with it or the Royal Society of British Artists. He went into residence at Newlyn in 1887, and sent characteristic grey, square-brush work to the great London exhibitions, where he was always welcomed. In 1891 several Newlyners fled to Italy, and Mr. Gotch abode that year in Ouida's "Winter City." To the delight of the critics, Florence awakened in him the most joyous sense of colour, and "My Crown and Sceptre"—a little child scarlet-berry crowned, zoned and neckleted, topaz-gowned, holding a sap-green reed as rod of state, throned against a back-ground *semé* with *fleur de lis d'or*—was one of the pictures of the year.



MISS MAUDE GOODMAN.

HER sphere of art is the nursery—what daintier domain can lady artist crave? Her peculiar merit is to paint small maidens with cherub faces and aureoles of golden hair, gowned as quaintly and demurely as burghers' wives. But they are not all lasses. Master Scane is, or was, since time is inexorable even to a pet model, his mother's best sitter. Born in Manchester, Miss Goodman's nimble fingers were early busy, and, coming to South Kensington, they earned several honours. The late Mr. Wallis, proprietor of the French Gallery, an excellent friend to more than one young artist, took a fancy to her work, and her fame began. Her pictures are better known than those of many more pretentious painters. The "Gem" room at the Royal Academy is rarely drawn blank for them. Little need to enumerate them—"Sweets to the Sweet," "You Darling," "Want to See the Wheels Go Round," "Golden Pets," "That's Rude Doggie," "Don't Tell"—English millionaires buy the originals and the Anglo-Saxon *bourgeoisie* all over the globe purchase them in photogravure. Miss Goodman became Mrs. Arthur Scanes in 1882. She paints little ones not only as they always ought to be, but as they sometimes are. Subject, feeling, handling, tinting, all are feminine—that is her charm.

MR. ARTHUR HACKER.

By general consent of those who have no vote—and of the majority, we have reason to hope, of those more favoured—the first Associate to be elected at the next ballot. The most exquisite painter of the nude amongst our younger men, he is a true son of the Academy, studying three years in her schools before he went over to Bonnat's, and taking many of her prizes. He first exhibited at the R.A. in 1878, and has never since omitted to do so. He began by painting the simple annals of the poor, mothers bending over sleeping babes and such subjects, with rather the modern Dutch feeling. In 1881 he travelled in Spain and Tangiers, with great profit to his art. His picture of "Philammon finding Pelagia in the desert" betrayed all the refinement of his later work; and in "The Waters of Babylon" and "Væ Victis," the sweetness of his colour began to show itself. Paris and Munich having honoured his work, Liverpool and Adelaide purchased it. Last year the Chantrey secured his "Annunciation," passing over his subtler if simpler "Syrinx." This year his "Circe" and "The Sleep of the Gods" are certainly within the first half-dozen of the best pictures. He possesses a sense of colour of rare distinction, and a feeling for refinement of line almost unknown amongst English painters. He may go far.

MR. GEORGE CHARLES HAITE.

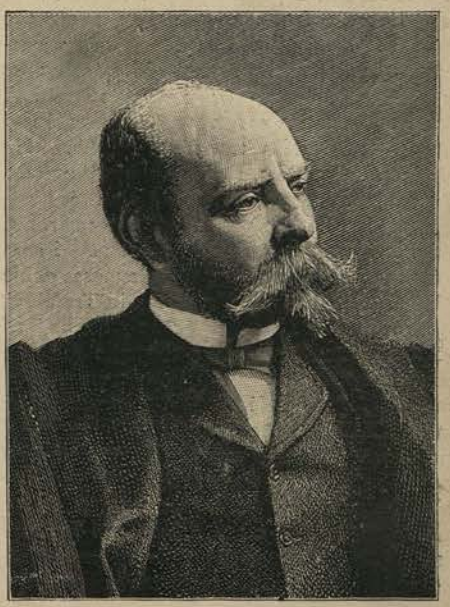
Mr. Haite's energy is Protean. Art is its object—pictorial, decorative, theoretical, practical. He writes on it, lectures on it, debates on it. At sixteen he faced the world armed with a pencil, his father, George Haite, a well-known designer, having just died. For fourteen years he devoted himself to the improvement of wall-papers, and his services are still at the disposal of a certain famous firm. As a pictorial artist he is familiar to us at the great exhibitions. His "A Winter Bouquet," was hung in Burlington House in 1883. Since then he has rarely been an absentee. His poetically named "Winds From the Gates of the West," belongs to 1892. He has cunning in frames. That is where the decorator comes in. Last year he went to Holland, and every note in his crisp little studies of Dordrecht, with its red tiles, blue canals, bright costumes, and gay barges, was brought out by the heavy, black frames which environed them at the Japanese Gallery, Bond Street. He has lectured on arsenic in wall-papers and on art criticism, ceilings, and chrysanthemums. He is great on tendencies—art tendencies, and wants to complete the Renascence. He is a member of most things—the Linnæan Society, the Japan Society, the Royal British Artists, the Australian Society, and the Odd Volumes.

MR. FRED HALL.

THE Newlyn men are not, as a body, humourists. They take themselves very seriously. Mr. Fred Hall is the exception. When he lived at Watchet the sportsmen of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds appealed to his sense of the funny and he caricatured them. Though he seems to have more important work to do than to join the staff of *Punch*, his work has a saving grace of humour and pathos wanting to the whole of his school. Take for instance "The Result of High Living," the little dog of last year, standing petitionary on its hind legs watching its master in the laboratory. Was droller work ever sent to the Royal Academy? and yet how beautifully it was painted, what a triumph of technical difficulties vanquished. Much the same may be said of the two pictures illustrative of Tennyson's "Goose" and the "Cinderella" —German version—picture with the wonderful painting of pigeons in the foreground, though, perhaps, their colour was just a little cold. It was a relief, therefore, at the New last year to find this artist, who seemed possessed of every other attribute, warm and tender in colour in the processional composition which he called "Twilight." Mr. Hall has been ten years a Newlyner. He was a pupil of Verlat at Antwerp.

MR. MCLURE HAMILTON.

A PHILADELPHIAN who came to Paris to study art, and now lives in a beautiful house in Regent's Park, surrounded by an ample marge of garden, in which many of his subtlest effects of light and shade have been obtained. Nothing that is indifferent or *banal* is associated with his name; let his works "Le Rire," "Children and Roses," and his portraits of Manning or Tyndall, confirm it. Known best at the Salon, he has paid the Academy the compliment of exhibiting, and bestowed the encouragement of his work on the N.E.A.C. The lifelong desire to paint Mr. Gladstone was gratified by the intervention of mutual friends. "I never wished to have sittings, in the conventional sense, from Mr. Gladstone, even had he had leisure to accord them," says Mr. Hamilton. "He was extremely busy when he received me, and all that I asked was that he should go on with his business as usual, and be absolutely unconscious of my presence. He did his work, I did mine." And so we have a portrait of the Premier in his habit as he toils in his own study. We have more, a work of rarest spontaneity and beauty. M. Andrié Michel wrote of it as the best portrait in the Salon of its year. The French Government were of his opinion. They bought it for the Luxembourg, thus crowning the artist's ambition.

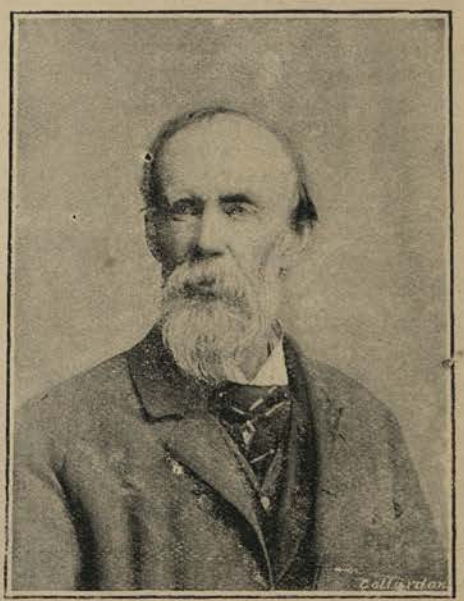


MR. DUDLEY HARDY.

THERE are illustrated publications to which Mr. Dudley Hardy does not contribute; but their number is rapidly decreasing. With valiant heart and spendid power he will attack "The Adoration of the Magi," or "The Moors in Spain," and produce a work Oriental in its opulence of colour, or he will scratch a penetrating caricature, *à la* Van Beers, of the divine Sarah on the back of his visiting-card. Oils, water-colours, pastels, black-and-white, canvases by the rood, pole or perch, thumbnail sketches—small enough to be worn in a charm—it is all in the day's march. He has broad shoulders, and a broader humour. The exuberance of his volcanic youth is magnificent; but he has yet to attain to restraint, and his output is far too generous. From Paris came the first tiding of the success of his "Sans Asile," homeless sleepers in Trafalgar Square; and in 1890 his "Dock Strike," at the Royal Academy told us how he felt the grey misery of London. He was cradled in art, his father is Mr. T. B. Hardy, the strong, fresh and breezy painter of sea, ship, and shore. He has studied in Dusseldorf, under Verlat in Antwerp, and in the fashionable Paris *ateliers*. His career is as putty in his hands; but some things are beyond him. He will never be able to make an enemy, or create jealousy by his successes.

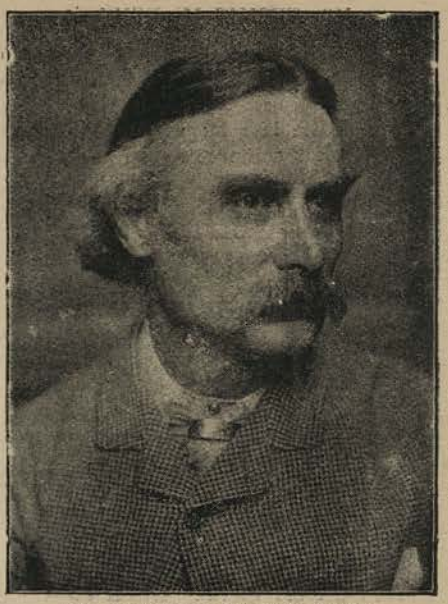
MR. EDWIN HAYES.

A FINE and breezy painter of the sea; a man who knows how to draw yachts and ships and boats and all things appertaining to the sea in a practical and seamanlike manner, and yet never allow the technical accuracy to make itself felt to the detriment of qualities more æsthetic. It was love of the sea that led him to become a sea-painter. He is the son of a Bristol ship-owner, whose business taking him to Dublin afforded his son an opportunity of studying in the Kildare Street School of Art. But the boy turned from the painting of academic figures and still life to the chronicling of the many joyous things he noted when sailing, as was his wont when leisure permitted, in a large open boat he was lucky enough to own. When Mr. Joshua Lake, the representative of the Australian money-part of the R.A.A.A.S., was here last Christmas he told us that of all British artists Mr. Edwin Hayes was the best beloved by the people "down under." Indeed it would seem so. Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide have medalled him, and in oil and water he hangs eternally in the national galleries of those towns. He is a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy, of the R.I., and for considerably over a quarter of the century has, with two years' exceptions, been seen, and well seen, at Burlington House.



MR. RALPH HEDLEY.

His career runs a little off the well worn lines. It is, therefore, the more interesting. Journalism on the famous *Newcastle Chronicle* was his first venture. Whilst busy inventing or recording news, he devoted his spare time to art, attending the local schools, coming under the influence of a remarkable man, the recently deceased William Bell Scott, architect, artist, poet, savage memoire-maker, and one of the seven pre-Raphaelite brothers, and Mr. Cozens Way, a Devonshire artist. Mr. Hedley's talents enabled him to sweep the prize-board, and filled him with a desire to win his living at the point of the brush. But his parents were cautious folk. They apprenticed him to a wood-engraver; and three of the panels in the Tam O'Shanter series at Chip Chase Castle are his work, and of that period. His apprenticeship over, he moved warily, joining Mr. Gerald Robinson, under whom Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., had learnt the wood-cutter's craft, but never neglecting to practice painting. At last he threw away his crutches—wooden crutches—and fortune attended him; the Hanging Committee accepting the first picture he submitted to them. Some of his titles help to explain his success and his art—"Contraband," "Union Jack," "Go, and God's Will be Done," and the "Amateur Dentist."



MR. CHARLES NAPIER HEMY.

A WONDERFUL painter of the sea, of the sheeny silvery light on the moving waters, and the translucent green depths seen under a vessel's stem. He lives at Falmouth; and much of his work is done aboard his yacht, his sea-going studio as he calls her. Born at Newcastle in 1841, his first master was the late W. Bell Scott; but he gave up drawing to prepare for the priesthood. When 22, broken down, he abandoned study and relapsed into his old longing for art. Feeling, as soon as he attempted to work, his want of knowledge, he went to the Antwerp Academy and subsequently studied under Baron Leys—Mr. Alma-Tadema's master—whose influence was felt on his work of that period. Destined, however, to be a sea-painter before all things, in 1875—7 he began to approach his appointed subject by way of the Thames, painting fine pictures of Blackwall, Chelsea and Limehouse, now in the possession of Colonel G. S. Sandeman. Too ill to paint this winter he is unrepresented at the Academy; but has two fine and characteristic drawings at the R.W.S. and a fine picture at the New. In the midst of fragrant orchards, and facing the restless sea he has built himself a palace of art, and stored it with rare furniture, being, in fact, such a place as one would expect to find in Melbury Road.

MR. THOMAS M. HEMY.

THE marinest—if he will allow us so vile a phrase—artist the world ever saw; sea-born, sea-bred, sea-reared, sea-sustained! His father, the late H. F. Hemy, a well-known musical composer, was a rover ever afloat. Eight of his sons, including the famous Napier, took after him. The Mr. Hemy of this note was in such haste to be begun with the great business of life that he got himself born aboard ship, off the coast of the Brazils. In the wash of events he was cast up at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and straight studied art at the local school; but soon the hereditary spell was upon him. The sea! the sea! he could not choose but go. For four long years he ploughed the main, absolutely exhausting the category of nautical experience; tasting mutiny, murder, and famine; and characteristically concluding that particular "turn" by shipwreck off St. Bees' Head one awful winter's night, when he saved his life by the skin of his teeth. After that he hauled ashore a while, and dried his hide by Verlat's stove at Antwerp. What wonder if to-day Mr. Thomas Hemy is our foremost painter of the tragedies of the deep; if such thrilling pictures as "Women and Children First," "Every Soul was Saved," and "The Wreck of the Birkenhead," now in the provinces "on tour," are household works in a nautical land.

MR. HENRY S. HUDSON.

MR. HUDSON shares with Mr. J. J. Shannon the Alexander Studio, Alfred Place. It is an exceedingly fine one, and is divided by a partition, pierced by an archway, having been, before it was turned to æsthetic uses, a Turkish Bath. The archway has now been boarded up; and two of the most successful lady-painters of our day find themselves, divided only by a little lath and plaster, simultaneously immortalising the beauty of the closing years of our fashionable Victorian London. As both studios are entered by the same passage, it well may be that many a Shannon sitter has strayed—as beauty will stray—and found herself admiring the counterfeit presentments of her rivals in beauty by Mr. Hudson; and that a like fate has befallen some of the votaries of Mr. Hudson's brush. Mr. Hudson was born in 1862, left school to become an artist, and after five years at South Kensington, under Mr. Poynter, went to Paris and exposed his art to the maturing influences of MM. Lefebvre and Boulanger. As no one can go to the present Academy without seeing his picture, which bears the title "Neæra Reading a Letter from Tibullus," a lady in Roman dress seated in a circular golden seat, he is probably consoled for its being placed at so unwarranted an altitude.

MR. AYERST INGRAM.

MR. AYERST INGRAM bestrides the wide world like a Colossus. One foot is on his native heath—he is of Scotch extraction—the other rests in the Antipodes. He is founder and President of the Royal Anglo-Australian Society of Artists. At the close of the Melbourne Exhibition it was felt in the Colonies that it would be well if an annual exhibition of British pictures could be held under the auspices of the R.A. But Sir Frederic regretted such a thing was impossible, *ultra vires*. The charter was precise on this point. It said no performance out of London, and it meant it. Mr. Ingram was on his travels at that time. He foregathered with the Australian money backers, and showed he was prepared to supply the right pictures. So the Anglo-Australian Society of Artists was formed; and the Queen, with gracious alacrity, made it a royal body. At present English artists paint and export and Australian connoisseurs guarantee and purchase. But Colonial associates loom in the dim and distant courses of the future. Intended by his parents for commerce, and by nature for art, Mr. Ingram at twenty-five obeyed the mighty mother. The wet foreshore mirroring the fugitive clouds is his especial domain. He has exhibited a pictorial log-book of a P. and O. voyage. It combined artistic charm with geographic information.

MR. G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

ONE of the most daring of the younger men. He is ambitious in his efforts, paints the nude, the idyllic and the symbolical. His sense of the beauty of line is delightful, his composition full of grace, and his colour fresh and delicate. A Travelling Scholarship, won under Mr. Legros at the Slade Schools, took him to Madrid, where he spent two months with Velasquez. This and the beautiful enthusiasm of youth led him to support Mr. Whistler in the days when brilliant farces were played as well as pictures displayed in Suffolk Street; and when the Little Master marched out, drums beating, banners flying, and with all the honours of war, Mr. Hood proudly kept pace by his side. The artist's first picture shown at the Academy, called "St. Simon Stylites," was purchased by Baron Erlanger. His greatest work so far is his "Triumph of Spring," a fine processional composition shown at the Grosvenor, and one of the few things not to be hereafter regretted purchased by the Australasian Colonies. Mr. Jacomb-Hood enjoys great popularity as a portrait painter, let Maculum Mhor in full robes of the Thistle, bear witness. He has been honoured at the Salon and once tarried a while in Lauren's studio.

MR. ADRIAN JONES.

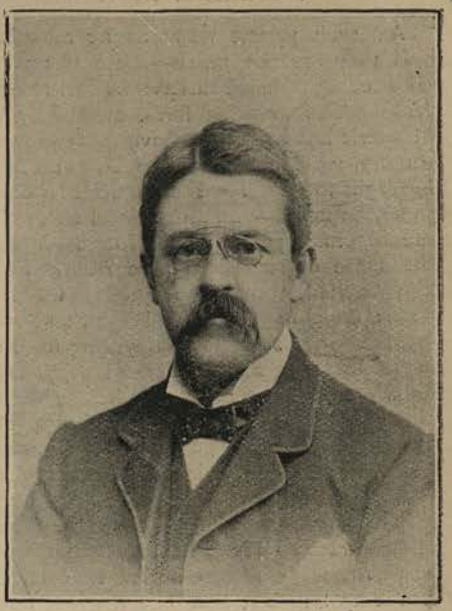
A FREAK of art—a soldier turned sculptor. Born at Ludlow in 1845, he served for more than twenty years in the army in the veterinary department, which gave him an exhaustive knowledge of the horse alive and dead. Having seen active service in Abyssinia, the Boer War, and the Nile Expedition, he retired from the 2nd Life Guards in 1891. Mr. Jones was possessed from his earliest boyhood of a craving for art. Ten years ago he began to take lessons from Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A., and exhibited at the Royal Academy in that year and ever since. Last year his huge and spirited "Duncan's Horses" dominated the sculpture room, and a work equally large claims attention to-day. His "Gone Away" won the first prize of the Goldsmith's Company. His "Triumph," a quadriga, recently at the Grafton, is a sketch which he would like to see adapted for some great decorative purpose in the streets of London, the top of an arch for choice. He paints portraits, such as their owners love, of celebrated racehorses. Last year an over-inquisitive agent of the Society for Psychological Æsthetical Research alleged that his studio was haunted. The warrior artist is determined to let the public understand the untruth of the report, and will make a ghost of him that lets him.

MRS. LOUISE JOPLING.

HER career has been generous in surnames. In private life to-day she is Mrs. Rowe—we use the name under which she paints. She claims our attention—as hostess, "master," and painter. In the first capacity she stands unrivalled. Her house is situated on neutral territory between Bohemia and Society, and all that is best in both countries is welcomed by a lady, whose gracious tact would have honoured an Empire Salon, though her wit, knowledge and sympathies are all that there is that is of the hour. As "master" she was the first to introduce the system of the Paris *atelier* into England for girls. Her new studio is in the South Kensington district, and her class the largest in London. Her students draw from the model every day, and are taught to take art severely and not merely as a polite accomplishment. Mrs. Jopling herself took to painting a little later than usual, spending her probation in the *atelier* of the late brilliant Franco-American painter, Chaplin. "Cinderella" and "Auld Robin Grey" are subject works from her brush; but as the portraitist of friends or well-known people she is best known at the Academy; Miss Ettie Williams, Miss Rose Norreys and Mrs. Tree have sat to her; at the Grafton a pastel, "La Pense-rosa," called attention to her talent.

MR. GEORGE BRUCE JOY.

THE west wall in Gallery IV. at the Royal Academy is entirely dominated by his "Truth." The goddess clothed in her own loveliness is standing in her well, reaching up to a little child who peers from the upper regions. The Academicians have not only given this young painter space on their walls, but space in their catalogue wherein it is set forth how a small child, going one day to fetch water, was surprised on looking down to see the sweet face of Truth's very self looking up at her; nor was her astonishment lessened when the beautiful stranger filled her little bucket with pure water, handed it to her and vanished. So much of the philosophy of clothes is taught at the Royal Academy to-day that the public seem as much surprised as the child at this apparition; and for several reasons, seeing that last year Mr. Joy was one of the lions, with a picture so different as that of his plucky little Georgian drummer boy smashing up his instrument with the defiant cry "The King's Drum shall Never be Beaten for Rebels." The artist comes of an old Ulster stock, but was born in Dublin. Educated at Harrow, he went to the R.A. Schools for Art, and proceeded to Paris to acquire the fashionable æsthetic accent. Last year his "Danaids" was medalled at the Salon; and the Town of Leeds has bought his "Lear and Cordelia."



MR. T. B. KENNINGTON.

MR. T. B. KENNINGTON has not wrought in vain. He has had his admirers and his followers; how, otherwise, should the expression Kenningtonian have obtained a recognisable value in the painting-rooms of London? A driver of fat oxen need not himself be fat, *pace* the proverb, nor a painter of middle-class subjects produce middle-class art. Marching on the metropolis from Great Grimsby, *viâ* Liverpool, Mr. Kennington found himself made speedily very much at home. Ever since 1883 he has not only exhibited at the Academy, but been found worthy of good positions for big pictures. The names of his Burlington House successes speak for themselves. "Waifs," "Orphans," "Widowed," and "Fatherless," "The Pinch of Poverty," "Homeless," "The Toy Shop." A member of the Society of Portrait Painters, he showed sterling work in the Royal Institute galleries last summer, and at the Royal Academy, was commandingly hung with a portrait of "Miss Clara Palmer," a blonde beauty, well known at London functions, robed in white satin, seated at a harp and treated with amplitude. To-day his huge and sable-clad "Queen of Love," seated on a lion skin rug, dominates the Central Gallery.

MR. HAYNES KING.

At such private views as he attends—and they are not many—there is no one who rouses so much curiosity as Mr. Haynes King. The towering form, capped by the Homeric head and hair, invariably prompts the cry, "Who is he? If he is not an artist he ought to be." Mr. King is what he ought to be, an artist—and a delightful one. But the big man paints little pictures—little in the sense of superficial area *bien entendu*, light-hearted, "miniature Faeds," we have heard them called; crisp, bright, and glad in tone, *genre* subjects of anything from six inches to a foot square: fisher lads, peasant girls, cottage scenes, admirably drawn buxom, comely figures, full of happy life, nicely balanced, and painted with a smooth, finished technique which does not militate against their dash and sparkling vivacity. Mr. King was born in 1831, in the Island of Barbadoes. He came to England when he was twenty-three, and tried to enter the Academy Schools; but, like a great many greater and lesser men, failed. He consoled himself at "Leigh's Academy," and concentrated his energies on working in his own studio from the living model. He is a member of the R.B.A., and for many years has been a very much honoured guest at Burlington House, the pick of place in the "gem" room generally falling to him.

MR. YEEND KING.

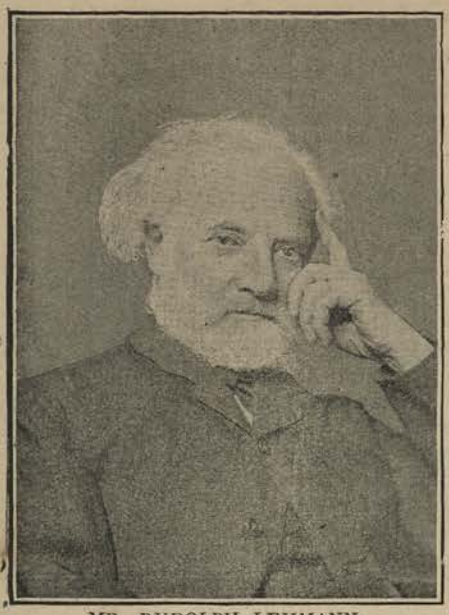
He was born in unlovely Regent Street not forty years ago; and when the splendours of extramural nature burst upon him, his soul was filled with joy. Not all of our best landscape-painters are born in sooty London or dingier Birmingham—but many of them are. In his youth Mr. King was a member of the Temple Church choir, and one night was accidentally locked in. But he made himself comfortable with what cushions he found adjacent, and caught a serious cold, which kept him in bed for three weeks. When he recovered a Bencher gave him a crown for not flinging his boot through the stained windows, as the Bencher confessed he himself should have done. Thus was the commercial value of respect for the beautiful inculcated. The late Walter Bromley's kindly interest saved the lad from commerce. Afterwards he studied under M. Bonnat, and M. Cormon. He came back a figure-painter, a student of tones who had lost his colour sense, and with whom the world went exceedingly ill. His first English landscape was "From Green to Gold" exhibited in the R.A. of 1879, and purchased by Liverpool. He is most at home on the Kennet Valley, and is a joyous exponent of Youth in Nature. His landscapes are before all things English. Nothing suffers at the R.A. to-day from bad light more than his "Lyndale."

MR. FERNAND KHNOPFF.

A BELGIAN symbolist, a prince of child painters, a member of the mystic Society of the Rosy Cross of Paris, leader of the Society of Twenty of Brussels, so passionate an admirer of England, the English, and English art that the wits of Brussels have dubbed him "Sir Fernand Khnopff, Bart.," he contemplates taking up his residence in our midst. The meaning of his painted allegories, his sphinxes and angels, is for the few; nor is he eager to explain it. When pressed he will ask if his works satisfy as line, composition, light and shade, and colour—*comme peinture enfin*. If the reply is "yes," he answers "Then I am content, the rest is my affair." His fancy as a poet is subtle, strange, and evasive. His genius as a painter, as a possessor of the rarest and most distinctive colour, and master of the most accomplished technique, boldly challenges the recognition of men. The gods of his creed are Botticelli and Donatello, Rossetti, Burne-Jones. Fleming of the Flemings, born thirty-five years ago at the old castle of Grimbergen on the Scheldt, pupil of the eccentric Xavier Mellery, he paints dreams, children, and the landscapes of the Ardennes, and models in black wax. He shows the portrait of a Rothschild youngster at the New.

MR. JOHN LAVERY.

NOW here is proof patent of the higher education of the gentlemen of the Royal Academy. From 1881 to 1887, it is Mr. Lavery's boast, his works were persistently rejected at Burlington House. Meantime his name had become famous all over Europe. Paris and Munich had both done him special honour. Then a strange thing happened: some unusual commotion in the art world sent a tidal ripple of outer news up the backwater off Piccadilly, and the Academicians, who possess a fund of stolid humour all their own, awoke to the drollery of the situation, and hung Mr. Lavery well. But funnier yet the story runs of Lavery painting officially. He is—all the world knows it—one of the leaders of the New Glasgow School, having been born in Belfast. When the Queen, in 1888, paid a State visit to Glasgow, he was commissioned to immortalise the event. The one thing needful in such cases is to hand every subscriber for a place down to posterity just as he would have appeared in a daguerrotype; and Mr. Lavery's art is just the very last in the world to appeal to Royal or mayoral tastes. By using a plentiful supply of red cloth, and keeping the figures small, he effected a clever compromise. From the Glasgow School of Art Mr. Lavery passed to Heatherley's, thence to Julien's.



MR. RUDOLPH LEHMANN.

BORN at Hamburg before the century had attained its majority, he studied under his brother in Paris, and Cornelius and Kaulbach at Munich; spent his youth in Rome, painting such subjects as "Pope Sextus V. Blessing the Pontine Marshes," now at the Lille Museum; "Buffaloes Clearing a Canal," and "La Vendange," now in the possession of the Prince of Wales; won three gold medals at the Paris Salon, and had, in brief, become distinguished and *decoré* in several Continental countries before he settled in England in 1866, having taken to himself five years earlier a British wife, daughter of the late Robert Chambers. The list of those who have sat to him since that date is long and illustrious; we may pick out from the rest Robert Browning and Helen Faucit, a Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and a Chancellor of the Exchequer. Amongst his historical pictures may be cited that of the apocryphal incident of Cromwell at Ripley Castle with the stern *châtelaine* of the place sitting up all night by his side, armed with a great horse pistol, and the very real and actual "Signing of a Concession to Baron de Reuter by H.M. the Shah of Persia." At the World's Fair, Mr. Lehmann is represented by one of his best known pictures, "The Reaper and the Flowers," suggested, of course, by Longfellow's poem.

MR. E. BLAIR LEIGHTON.

MR. BLAIR LEIGHTON ought to be a Royal British Artist. That way lies his taste. He is the man to secure the popularity of the Court, and of King Demos. His work is eloquent of painstaking, and that is what the masses love. "Think how long the artist must have taken to paint all that" they exclaim; and their souls are filled with admiration. An Amurath succeeded an Amurath in the Blair Leighton family when the subject of our note was born. In other words, his father, Mr. Charles Blair Leighton, who survived his son's birth two years, was also an artist and an exhibitor at the Academy. Mr. Blair Leighton was educated at University College School, became a student at the Royal Academy in 1876—1877, exhibited in 1878 his first picture "A Flaw in the Title," which caught the roving eye of the famous pill-compounder, and with £90,000 worth of British art—cost price given—hangs to-day at the Royal Holloway College. He is a member of the R.I. His style is of the Academy, and comprehended and appreciated by the public. His subjects are not classical nor recondite enough to repel, but only to impress. "The Dying Copernicus," "Romola," "How Lisa Loved the King" and "Lady Godiva" are some of them.

MR. W. LLEWELLYN.

IF these "Outsider" records do nothing else they will give the *démenti* to the heresy that no good thing can come out of South Kensington. "The Brompton Boilers" count for something in the life and art of Mr. W. Llewellyn. Four years, just an eighth of his existence, for he is one of those who has arrived early, he toiled in their shadow, and even when his course was run, tarried to teach, finally departing thence to Lambeth, where, for another year he coached the idea of the beautiful in others. Then the desire to be himself a doer came strong upon him and he fled to Paris, and dwelt in the studio of M. F. Cormon, who loves English artists. On returning to England he went to Cornwall, and some of his pastel drawings of the neighbourhood of Camelford remain in the mind as smiling memories. A harmony in green, a portrait of a modish young lady, attracted a good deal of attention at a Suffolk Street exhibition, and subsequently at the first display of the Society of Portrait-Painters, a body Mr. Llewellyn assisted into existence. Painterly qualities obviously did not blind Mr. Llewellyn to the value of the term "smartness." When a beautiful woman dresses with Worth, she likes to find the distinction of her toilette transferred to canvas. Mr. Llewellyn is to-day one of London's fashionable portraitists.

MR. W. E. LOCKHART, R.S.A.

FROM Dumfriesshire, and a man of valour. At the age of seven he sketched the Battle of Waterloo for a school-fellow. Bolder grown with years, at forty-one he undertook to paint a Royal function for the Queen, no less a thing than the Jubilee Celebration at Westminster Abbey. With a skill never surpassed, he made the two ends—the claims of art and the exigencies of detailed portraiture in 227 instances—almost meet. The result on the artist might have been foreseen. He settled in London, and is now a fashionable portrait painter. A pupil of that marvellous teacher, the late Robert Scott Lauder, Mr. Lockhart's student days followed hard on those of Orchardson, Pettie, and McTaggart. At fourteen he exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy, and became an Associate at twenty-four. The love of great Scottish artists, dead and living, for Spain, and the vivid influence of Spanish art on their work, are generally recognised. In quest of health, Mr. Lockhart tarried long in Spain, making Fortuny's acquaintance and, in colour, becoming splendidly Spanish. A consummate draughtsman and master of composition, in the pageantry of the past, in the scenes of chivalry, his genius finds play. "Don Quixote," "Cardinal Beaton," and "The Cid" testify.

MR. WILLIAM LOGSDAIL.

THERE is no spot in London so characteristic as Ludgate Hill. In the distance the great dome of St. Paul's swells like a mounting balloon; and nearer spires and turrets rising from the roofs and chimneys enhance its volume. In the middle distance is the railway bridge, with a train always on it—the line, of course, being chronically blocked into the station—the light playing lose-and-find on the white steam and points of polished brass; the tall houses, old and new, wall in the sides of the picture; and down to the foreground comes one of the world's busiest streets, with cabs, and carts, and 'busses—scarlet, yellow, green, and blue, blazoned with flaring posters. Mr. Logsdail alone has realised all this; his only fault being that long residence in Venice made him see the soot of London azure. Emboldened by these and other metropolitan successes, he painted the great cockney festival of the year, the Lord Mayor's Show. The foreground was occupied by a gorgeous flunkey; the pomp of bloodless swords and maces, rich furs, broad banners and broad faces, the eager crowd, the Chief Magistrate and his State Tumbril were mere accessories. The Aldermen and the Common Councilmen all saw the point; but Mr. Logsdail saw none of their money. It was a case of the dislocation of humour.

MR. MOUAT LOUDAN.

CHILDREN possess a quality of rare delight which evades the vocabulary of grown man. Their mothers call it "old-fashionedness." It is this dear attribute that Mr. Loudan catches, nay monopolises, in his child pictures; painting faithfully, in low, rich tones, demure, quaint, lovable little mites whose kin we must go to the modern Dutchmen to meet. Thirty-two, born in London, but with Picts and Scots for ancestors, art runs in his veins, since his father is a wood-engraver, very well-known to "illustrated" editors. Winning the great prize at the R.A., he spent some of the two travelling years in the studios of MM. Bouguereau and Tony Fleury, and won prizes whilst there. A big picture from his easel, "A Cornish Fish Market," first shown in Piccadilly, now hangs at Chicago. Asked to accept the Head-mastership of the Westminster School of Art, he hesitated, diffidence and a dread of lost time withholding him; but accepted *quand même*, and now rejoices exceedingly, finding that the difficulties vanish on approach, and that the work is far from unhelpful to his own development. All is art that comes to his hands; he paints landscapes, subject pictures, and portraits; he models in clay, and works in iron; and two frescoes for church decoration progress in his studio.

MR. HARRINGTON MANN.

MOST of the New Glaswegians were born anywhere but Glasgow. Some are Hibernians, others hail from Hull or thereabouts, and a few are Edinburgh men. But Mr. Mann is a Glasgow Glaswegian, born there less than thirty years ago. At sixteen he began to look upon art seriously and entered the Slade School, where he worked for six years. The first Travelling Scholarship open to all Slade students fell to him, and for two happy years he roamed and ruminated in beautiful Italy, having passed six previous months in Paris under Boulanger's guidance, gaining one of the *concours*. He is before all things a lover of the decorative, and distinctly of his school, though he avoids the caricature of its tenets. Perhaps his finest quality is the glow of sunlight which warms his work. It is lusty and joyous to look upon. He can temper the wind a little to the shorn lamb. At the Academy he blows less northerly than at the Grafton. Burlington House in 1885 hung his largest picture, "The Attack of the Macdonalds at Killiecrankie," and it was a good deal less like a fine piece of tapestry than the "Youth of Paris" he sent to Mr. Prangé the other day, and a good deal more anecdotal than his charming study of white wall, blue night, and red fire at the present exhibition of the R.B.A. in Suffolk Street.

MR. GERALD E. MOIRA.

ONE of the Royal Academy's most promising sons. Scottish, as the poetry of his name implies, by descent, but Londoner by accident of birth, son of Mr. E. Moira, the miniature painter, he learnt much from his father before he passed into the schools of the Royal Academy in 1888, *viâ* the British Museum. During his studentship the R.A. prizes came clattering about his ears, the Armitage and the Landseer amongst others. For the Gold Medal of 1891 he ran second to Mr. Peacock, but there were those who would have reversed the position. If the winner showed the more adherence to Academic teaching and the greater finish in painting, it was also observed that he was much nearer the end of his tether than Mr. Moira, whose touch was freer and treatment of the theme, "Victory," broader and more dramatically poetic. The Fine Art Society in Bond Street paid him a compliment unprecedented to so young an artist and made him the subject of one of their "one man shows"; and a series of fresh and vigorous heads in watercolour, suggested, no doubt, by his father's art, were sprung upon us as a delightful surprise. He has been painting a set of three Mus. Docs. for Magdalen College, Oxford, to which the portrait of Sir John Stainer, now at the R.A., belongs.

MR. ALBERT MOORE.

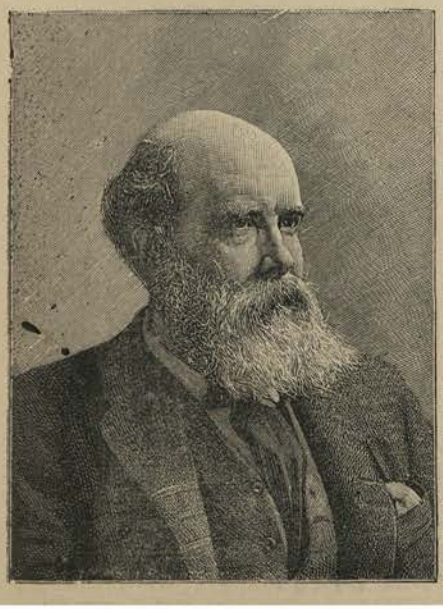
BROTHER to the greatest marine painter of our day—at least, so many of us think—his long exclusion from the numbers of the Associates furnishes the opponents of the Academy with one of their most formidable arguments, and ranks with their treatment of John Linnell and Alfred Stevens. Mr. Moore, it is said, uses no oil of urbanity or insidious compliment to lubricate his way into Burlington House; and so lesser men, to the wonderment of Continental Europe, again and again pass over his head. Intended for an architect, and to some extent trained for that profession, he took to art, and developed a style like that of no painter, living or dead. His pictures in oil and water tell no story, need no name. They weary their happy possessors with no eternally incompleted action, no monotonous reiteration of commonplace incident. The artist seeks in fair women and diaphanous draperies the motive for classic and decorative design, for works which are things of beauty, joys for ever. His models do not sit to him; they walk before him. He arranges no set folds of drapery, but immortalises the fortuitous flutter of some felicitous movement. Master of colour, scheme and pattern exclusively his own, his art moves parallel to a reality it never attempts to approach.

MR. FRED MORGAN.

HERE is a reversal of the usual order. Mr. Fred Morgan having established himself as a portrait painter in lucrative practice, has valorously chosen to go back to subject pictures, in which his talent can allow itself freer play. Would there were more artists constructed on his lines! He is in art as in Nature the son of his father, Mr. John Morgan, a member of the Royal Society of British Artists. In the paternal studio at Aylesbury he learnt all that has been taught him of art. At the age of seventeen he was accepted at the Royal Academy, and for many years worked at nothing but portraits. It is his most enviable gift to be most successful in painting the brighter scenes of out-of-door life, especially of child-life. He is never so happy as when depicting the vagaries of some sturdy, ruddy, thoroughly healthy youngster. His "Don't be Frightened," an elder sister standing knee-deep in the sea, holding a little naked, golden-haired child in both her arms, the fair, delicate flesh in strong relief against her dark bathing gown, exhibited at last year's Academy, enjoyed a wholly legitimate success. When the Institute of Painters in Oils was formed in the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, Mr. Morgan joined it, and remains in it.

MR. J. T. NETTLESHIP.

IT is given to Mr. Nettleship to see *la lutte pour la vie* in its most melodramatic aspects. He loves to dwell on the great carnivora, ravening and destroying that they may live. A passionate student of beasts, never happy out of the Zoological Gardens, a fine draughtsman, of dauntless audacity in choice of subject, he is wont to think much of local truth in painting the coats of his beasts, little of the general tonality of his composition. The air of Kettering breeds artists. Mr. East, Mr. Gotch and Mr. Nettleship were born there, the last-named fifty-two years ago. A student at the Slade Schools, under Mr. Poynter, circumstances intervened and cut his curriculum at the point of probationership. In 1880 he went out to India and painted the Gaekwar of Baroda on horseback, and subsequently executed for the same Prince a fine picture of antelope hunting with cheetahs. The Academy, the New, and the deceased Grosvenor have for years displayed the terrors of his imagination in such pictures as "Blind," a lion, struck by lightning, mobbed by hyænas, and "Refuge," beasts of all sorts huddled together on a spot of land, ringed by a flaming forest; whilst a picture of a rhinoceros charging, and forty fathoms of python wound round a brace of tigers are this year's Indian commissions.

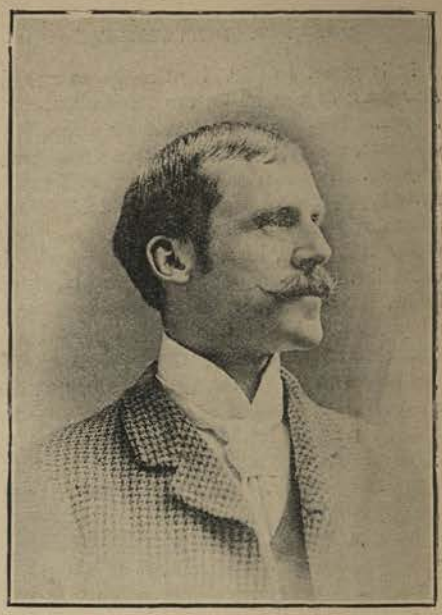


MR. J. WATSON NICOL.

MR. NICOL has produced two little pictures which have brought him greater fame and are likely to keep his name greener than much classic work might have done. They have the saving grace of humour; they play on the subject of the comic war between the sexes. We refer to the pictures "When a Man's Single he Lives at his Ease," and "When a Man's Married his Trouble Begins." No barrister crossed in love who lives in the misogynous recesses of the Inner Temple, but hangs one of these prints upon his desolate walls. Nor have works of art ever roused bitterer feeling in gentle breasts, for reasons purely inartistic. Mr. Nicol lives, moves and has his being in a world of pure artistry. His father is Mr. Erskine Nicol, A.R.A, his wife is the daughter of the late C. W. Cope, R.A.; he teaches art at a brilliantly successful School of Painting established by himself in Pelham Street, Kensington, where seventy odd pupils sit at his feet, his colleague being Mr. A. S. Cope, the R.A.'s son. He was born in Edinburgh in 1856; commenced his career at Carey's School in Bloomsbury; exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy in 1872, and at the R.A. in 1875. "Dolce Far Niente," "When Fortune Smiles," "When Fortune Frowns," and "Immediate Settlement Will Oblige" are all by him.

MR. L. C. NIGHTINGALE.

MASTER of a smooth and somewhat Teutonic technique, and a creator of much charming prettiness. Someone was complaining at the Grafton this year that Mr. Melville's "Sapphire Seas" was not like Nature; but he was promptly silenced by a staunch Glaswegian, who exclaimed in a language obviously strange to him "*Tant pis pour la Nature.*" Admirers of Mr. Nightingale, or of Mr. Marcus Stone, have an equal right to insist that when their idols and Nature differ, it proves bad taste on the part of the ancient lady. Certain it is that in such a world as theirs we should have no dock strikes, commercial crises, blizzards, or November fogs. Nothing could be serener than Mr. Nightingale's long "A Corner of the Lake" of 1892, with its lazy punters, unless it was his upright "May Morning" with indolent swans, of 1893. The painter was born at Hampstead in 1851, educated at Dulwich College, trained at the Lambeth and R.A. Schools, was for nine years a teacher at Lambeth, passed thence to Chiswick, and is now head-master at Clapham School of Art. But whilst he has been showing others the steep and thorny ways, he has not himself the primrose path of dalliance trodden, as such works as "Favorites," and "A Foretaste of Summer" demonstrate.



MR. ERNEST NORMAND.

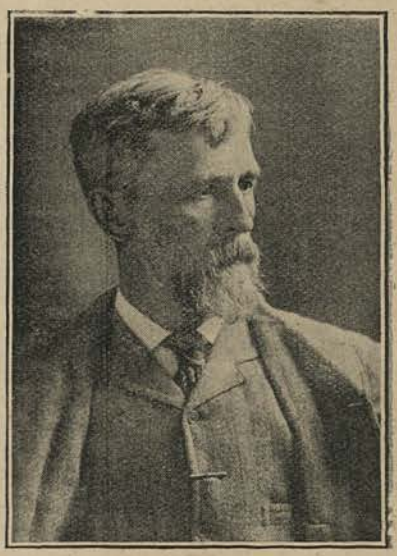
HUSBAND of "Miss Henrietta Rae," and has had rather a remarkable career. A Londoner by birth, that event dating thirty-six years back, he devoted what time he could spare after City hours to art in St. Martin's School, and when twenty-three obtained admission to the R.A. Schools. The third year of his exhibiting at the Academy was marked by an unusual event. His picture was, as most of his pictures are, Oriental in subject, called "A Palace yet a Prison," and at the private view it sold for £300, a thing probably without precedent in the career of a R.A. student. He and his wife paint together in profound amity—of which they are justly proud—under the very wing of the great President; but South Kensington agrees better with their art and their pockets than their health, and so two great twin glass studios are rising for them attached to a new Norwood home. Mr. Normand's "Pygmalion and Galatea," of 1886, was bought by Southport. His "Esther denouncing Haman," of 1889, will best be remembered in the vestibule of the late Lyric Club. Mr. Normand's education was obtained in Germany, in the lore and literature of which country he is versed, but his local colour and archæology he imports himself direct from the East, to which he pays frequent flying visits.

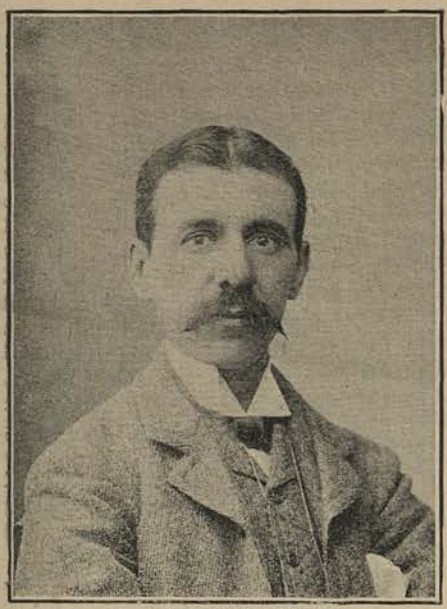
MISS HENRIETTA RAE—MRS. NORMAND.

THE well-known painter of the nude, or rather, perhaps, should we say of the unclad, since the absence of habiliments is apt to make itself felt in women's work. At thirteen Miss Rae entered the Queen's Square School of Art, and was admitted to the Royal Academy Schools in 1879. But an odd thing happened. The authorities had passed in by inadvertence one more student than they were by charter able to retain. Someone must go, and R being so late a letter, it was Miss Rae. We wonder the dapper little lady did not instantly hit on the expedient of becoming Mrs. Normand, and find safety in N. She consoled herself at Heatherley's, and painted portraits at from £2 to £3 a head until 1881, when the Academy hung her, which gave greater commercial value to her work. "The Maid," "Eurydice," "Zephyr and Flora" and "La Cigale" shown last year—her most graceful work—are her most important paintings. Paris has given her a medal, and Liverpool a long price. In 1884 she married a fellow art student; and though charged with household and maternal cares has had an unbroken record of large canvases at the Royal Academy. This year her health has let and hindered her brush; but 1894 should see her *magnum opus*—"Psyche at the Court of Venus."

MR ERNEST PARTON.

WE claim Mr. Parton as an English artist. His father was a Birmingham man; the lad came to England as soon as he was master of his fate; he settled in England, he married an English lady, he resides in the very English art colony of St. John's Wood; he paints exclusively English landscapes, he exhibits in English exhibitions. In 1879, his charming picture "The Waning of the Year," was purchased with Sir Francis Chantrey's money for the English nation, and he is a member of our Institute of Painters in Oils. At the same time the American commissioners submit that he was born at Hudson, and that his mother was a daughter of the States. But their demands are disallowed. The birch, the lady of the wood, the slender, tremulous, silver-barked, sensitive birch, is Mr. Parton's favourite sitter. Full well he paints her in all her moods, and many a mood has she. He loves her pensive, almost still, in the sylvan hush of autumn, when her dry leaves drop in sauntering zig-zag to the surface of the blue-grey pool, where they ride high like cockle-shell boats; he loves her when she pulsates along all her fragile filigree with the quickening of spring. At home in oil or water, his execution is swift and facile. What he can do in two hours at the Langham Sketching Club, no man, not having seen, would believe.





MR. EDWARD PATRY.

MR. PATRY furnishes an excellent example of one of South Kensington's successes from the casual point of view, its failure from its own. The Government Schools are founded to teach design, to produce decorators, and to improve the national wall-papers, textiles and fabrics. We are constantly hearing that the facilities for obtaining a painter's education are inadequate at South Kensington, and the outcry is bitter and shrill. But they are intentionally inadequate. Every man who wins from South Kensington such instruction as enables him to become a pictorial artist, represents to the establishment so much fruitless expenditure of energy. He is an *évadé*. In other ways he may do good to his fellow-men; but as far as the country that assisted to educate him is concerned, the expenses of his training are so much dead loss. This should be clearly understood; it would make many things seem simple. Mr. Patry was at South Kensington from 1879 to 1882. For three months he worked in the studio of Herr Frisch at Darmstadt. He exhibited at the Academy in 1883, and has since then rarely missed. "Going to School," "Sweet Lavender," "I'm Good Now," and "Pleading" are amongst his pictures. The beautiful, wistful, poetic model who sat to him last year is now again very welcome in a new guise.

MR. RALPH PEACOCK.

ONCE every two years the Academy holds a great function. The Travelling Scholarship, tenable for two years, and the gold medal come up for competition. The doors of the Burlington House creak open, and for a few hours in the dingy light of mid-December the public are permitted to see hanging in a suite of bare rooms, boarded off from the rest of the galleries, the result of the teaching in the Academy Schools for the year. This part of the business is of annual occurrence; but it is only biennially that Sir Frederic Leighton distributes the awards in state, and the illustrious and favoured are invited at night to come and hear that most accomplished President deliver, in the presence of the assembled students, a magnificent address on some special phase of art which is only remotely connected with the Schools, and which it has taken him two years to cast into ornate and poetic English. Mr. Peacock took this Blue Ribbon of English art in 1892, the subject for the composition being "Victory," which was exhibited at the following summer's exhibition. That is where he comes in this sketch. During his studentship he won many prizes; and is altogether a young man of promise. But his life history must write itself before the scribe can copy it.

MR. J. L. PICKERING.

AN out-of-door landscape-painter in a very full sense of the word; a Yorkshireman with a good deal of Yorkshire in his nature and his art. Originally a civil engineer, and attached to the staff of the Brasseys, he was sent out to the Maremma and South America, and whilst turning Nature's resource to utilitarian purposes, became enamoured of her beauties. Once back in England he took the vows of art, and served his novitiate with Mr. Frank Walton, being summoned to take the "line" at the Academy after a year's study; a fine landscape, "The Month of March," receiving especial commendation. Visits to France and Corsica followed, and in 1888 he came home to join the Institute of Painters in Oils, and also wrote R.B.A. after his name, exhibiting in Piccadilly, Suffolk Street and many of the northern towns with unceasing success since that date. "A March Gloaming," "The Breath of Autumn," and "Eskdale," are latter day deeds. Constable and the Barbizonians have been finger posts to the strong but poetic expression of his own temperament. He accepts a hint with gratitude, but works out the problem in his own way. He is the painter of a large picture of Cape Town, in the Imperial Institute African Council Room; and meditates the æsthetic siege of the Africander.

MR. JOHN R. REID.

ONE of the many Scotchmen eminent in art who fly south. At sixteen he first handled the brush, a big brush, and made the sides of houses in Edinburgh shine fresh and sanitary to the sun. But he was for daintier work, and groped at night at Government art schools to feel the way to fulfil his destiny. Patient years of study gave him mastery of his own artistic energy; but even now he has not wholly determined on his choice of expression. A year or so ago, before the cuckoo club at the Grosvenor ousted its art parent from the nest, Mr. Reid startled us with a romantic and dashing picture in rich reds, browns, and yellows, with a luminous white centre, "Cornish Smugglers, Sixty Years Ago," which, amongst its many admirable attributes, certainly did not number that of realism. Then again, a large canvas of a young English squire, gaitered and gunned, who has drawn unwished-for blood in a turnip field, was sternly, not to say angularly, realistic; and the agricultural connoisseur was able at a glance to say whether the root crop were Carter's seeds or Sutton's. Last year "The Mate of the Mermaid's Wedding" showed him a student of the *mœurs* of rough sea folk, a ***plein air*** painter for all he was worth.

MR. JOHN S. SARGENT.

AMERICA takes æsthetic toll of her absent sons. Living in Chelsea, Mr. Sargent is working for Boston, for the great Library there, an institution unique in the world, supported by a State tax, and endeavouring to become a centre not only of literary but artistic culture. Mr. Whistler in Paris and Mr. Abbey in Gloucestershire are similarly employed. A supreme master of technique, and of the short-hand of the language of beauty, Mr. Sargent appeals to the esoteric in art and astounds the exoteric. To those who understand him—the words are his own, since all great American artists seem to possess an amazing gift of compressed and definite criticism—he conveys his meaning with "a swiftness that makes us forget for the time that there has been a medium." His "Carmencita," a dancing girl in all yellow, superb in the insolence of her pose, tense and alert, waiting for the signal note, set the people of London and Paris talking and the artists admiring. The Chantrey terminated the peregrinations of his "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose," when it appeared on the Academy walls. At the N.E.A.C. this year with three strokes of his brush, and to the undying envy of one of his young colleagues, he told us how Mr. Jefferson, the actor, once appeared to him. His "Mrs. Hammersley" dominates the New.

MR. J. J. SHANNON.

"SWEET Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," gave him birth—not Goldsmith's deserted village but a town in Albany, a place Mr. Shannon protests, might once have justified poor Noll's description. Alas! for the patriotic fiction which makes the reigning portraitist of our reigning belles a Canadian, Albany is in New York State, and Mr. Shannon is no subject of the Queen's. Let us console ourselves that his training was wholly English, though when his friends, the leading young men of the hour, returned from their Paris curriculum it is true that he borrowed their square brushes, taught himself something better than their style, and unlearning all that South Kensington had so patiently taught him, made himself what he is, the dexterous master of a swift technique, the charming colourist, the vivid portraitist of beautiful Englishwomen who go beautifully as beauty should. Few subject pictures come from his hand; but his "Iris," a maiden with more than a suspicion of Romney about her, standing by the brookside, made us regretful of his absorbing popularity. He has touched the maximum with eight portraits at the Academy; but this year was content to send three. The tide of fashion sweeps him to the road inhabited solely by artists, Melbury Road, where he builds a lordly mansion.

MR. HERBERT SCHMALTZ.

LEST misapprehension should arise Mr. Herbert Schmaltz has been at pains to define himself. He is, he has assured us, "A Painter Who Happens to be a Christian;" and this accident of Christianity has served him famously. He inherited the elements of a felicitous artistic career. His mother was the daughter of the late J. W. Carmichael, the marine painter; his father a German who came over to Newcastle, and came to stay. At an early age Mr. Schmaltz determined to be a successful painter—South Kensington, Royal Academy Schools, and Antwerp followed; but with shrewd judgment, he stopped short of Munich. He is married to one of the beautiful Dene Sisters, so famous in studio-land, and lives in the fashionable Holland Park neighbourhood. He is acceptable to the Forty, and admired by the public. People stand *en queue* to see his pictures, which are always to be found on the line. His "Christianæ ad Leones," and his "Zenobia's Last Look on Palmyra," are they not roseate and vivid in our memories and engraved on our walls? In the reverently dramatic picture, "The Return from Calvary," painted in Palestine, he was quite at his best. Her Majesty, attracted by the painter's name, commanded it to Windsor, and was gracious in praise.

MR. F. MARKHAM SKIPWORTH.

ONE of the many good men hailing from Lincolnshire who first studied art under that fine master, Mr. E. R. Tayler; born at Caistor in 1854, the son of a farmer, and bearing a name in those days famous for a reason athletic rather than æsthetic, being the nephew of the famous steeplechase rider, Captain Skipworth. He dabbled as an amateur in art as soon as he could hold a brush; but in 1879 came to South Kensington, and for three diligent years devoted himself to the mastery of its details, going on to Julien's for six months "to finish," with result that his art was revolutionised, and began again with a better technique. In 1883 he arrived at the Royal Academy and has been there ever since. His colour scheme is soft and charming; he is fond of faint fawns and pale pinks, painting pretty women prettily. Sometimes he has dealt with sterner matters. In 1890 he sent "A Roman Holiday" to the Academy; but he concerned himself, it is only fair to add, with the audience, not the butchery, with two young ladies, one pitiful, one pitiless. All this was set forth both on canvas and in verse in the catalogue with amplitude. Mr. Skipworth is fond of giving slightly idealised portrait studies, subject titles—such as "He Cometh Not She Said."

MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON.

"HE who can dominate a London dinner table can dominate the whole world," says Mr. Oscar Wilde in his new play; and this same London dinner table with a red-shaded lamp shining over fair women and famous men, the beauty and the chivalry of London, a portrait group of people of light and leading, Mr. Solomon had painted for this year's Academy. It comes as a boon and a blessing to the visitor, hanging in the last room, cheering the æsthetic by its fine qualities, the merely human by its popular portraiture. Young in years, ancient in race, ambitious in aim, classic in subject—let such big pictures as "Cassandra," "Samson," "Niobe," "The Judgment of Paris," "Hippolyta" and "Orpheus" bear witness—bold in draughtsmanship, academic in technique, Leightonesque up to the point, complimentary in colour, no man can better afford to paint portraits and wait his inevitable day of honour. He and Mr. Arthur Hacker are inseparable friends. One year, both being hangers at a certain gallery, they discovered that there were two little spaces that refused to be filled, dispose they the pictures never so wisely. The next day six square inches of portrait of Mr. Hacker by Mr. Solomon and six square inches of portrait of Mr. Solomon by Mr. Hacker closed the gaps and made the critics linger.

MR. ADRIAN STOKES.

A NEWLYNER, and one of those most fortunate artists who have found wives to double their honour, and yet, owing to their difference of style, never enter into competitive rivalry. Mr. Stokes married in 1884, he then being just arrived at the age when a man may, according to St. Paul, be made a bishop, Fraulein Preindlsbergen, an Austrian lady painter. Mrs. Stokes' brace of scarlet-winged angelakins appearing to a Virgin in Royal blue is one of the quaintest and most attractive pictures in Piccadilly today; and she does nothing that can be passed unnoticed. But this note is on her husband. He was born in 1854 at Southport, Lancashire, entered the Royal Academy Schools in 1871, and went to Paris in the usual course to obtain the necessary French polish. When Newlyn grew inter-imitative, and an exhibition at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries in Bond Street roused the ire of the critics, Mr. and Mrs. Stokes betook themselves to Italy. His art instantly caught the warmer southern flush and the delicious serenity of his "Roman Campagna, Early Spring," shown at the New Gallery last year, charmed us, though there were other works, at the Academy especially, which showed him as the unacclimatised traveller in Italy. In 1888 the Chantrey showed good taste—they acquired a Stokes.

MR. THORNE WAITE.

BEFORE all things, a painter of English field life—of the patient team breaking up the torpid soil whilst the spell of winter gives repose to the exhausted land; of the sunlight dancing amongst the turnips, which clothe the country with a living green not all the vines of France can rival; and of the rhythm and sweep of the mowers levelling the lush grass, and the laughter of the children tossing the sweet-smelling swathes; of the warm gold of harvest, and the sturdy reapers toiling in the blaze of the August sun. Born in Cheltenham just half-a-century ago, he came to London to train for an art master. But the routine irked a creative artist; and his relations with the authorities at Kensington becoming strained on the matter of obligatory architectural studies, he broke with them and fled to Bettws-y-Coed to study nature in congenial society. On the strength of "Calling the Cattle Home," a drawing now in Bethnal Green Museum, he was elected to the Old Water-Colour Society. As a water-colourist Mr. Thorne Waite is an austere purist. He attacks the white paper direct, with swift washes, clean touches and very little re-working. Body-colour is unknown to him. An intimate friend has dared to nickname him Dewinty Waite. Of late, at Mr. J. W. North's suggestion, he has exhibited in oils at the New.

MR. S. E. WALLER.

WE almost feel inclined to dub Mr. Waller "the People's Painter." He has probably had more pictures reproduced in the now moribund line etching, and photo-gravure than any living Englishman. And, odd as it may seem, he is not one of those against whom "superior" persons continually do rail. For some reason unexplained he is permitted to give perfectly comprehensive and legitimate delight to thousands of his fellow-countrymen quite unabused. His art is, of course, largely anecdotal. He chooses his subject with a fine instinct for its popularity, tells its story unmistakably, and produces more or less eighteenth century pictures, admirably drawn, balanced, and lighted, alive with actuality, and very often touched with humour or pathos. "The Empty Saddle," "The Day of Reckoning," "Ruined Sanctuary," "Peril," "The Challenge," "The Runaway Match"—where shall we find titles more familiar? He was born in Gloucester in 1850, educated at Cheltenham College, intended by his father for the Engineers or Artillery; but by himself for picture-making. Divergence of views caused delay, but in 1869 he found himself an R.A. student, not a Woolwich cadet. In his second year at the Schools he exhibited at the Academy, and keeps up the habit to this day.

MR. J. R. WEGUELIN.

BLACK-AND-WHITE has of late absorbed the energies of this most dainty colourist. But *on revient toujours à son premier amour*, and we rejoice to see that he is coming back to the branch of art in which he first won distinction; delicate little pictures, full of poetry and classic grace of feeling, studies in light and shade, studies of the nude in the open air. Mr. Weguelin was born in 1849 at Southstoke, near Arundel, of which place his father was rector. He received his general education under Cardinal Manning at Edgbaston, and his art training under Mr. Poynter R.A., and Prof. Legros at the Slade Schools. In 1877 he was first accepted at the Royal Academy and has never failed to exhibit there ever since; sending, of course, also to the late Grosvenor, and the New. It was at the last-named gallery that one of his most successful pictures was shown last year—a woman semi-nude, prone on the sunny mead looking up at a statue of Pan with his mute pipe at his stone lips, and bearing the legend "Heard melodies are sweet; but those unheard are sweeter," which oddly enough is the text this year for Mrs. Stanley's (Miss Dorothy Tennant's) picture in the same gallery. Mr. Weguelin's studio touches those of artists so different from himself as Mr. Arthur Melville and Mr. Frank Brangwyn.

MISS ETHEL WRIGHT.

WAITING in a certain quaint little room for one's hostess, one becomes conscious of something uncanny in the conservatory outside. Curiosity prompts investigation; it is a lay figure, skull-capped and dressed in white; and the discovery made, a bull-terrier barks either welcome or defiance through the glass. Both dummy and dog seem familiar. They appeared in "Bon Jour, Pierrot," a large picture in the last room in the last Academy, full of charm and freshness, quality and perception, the work of Miss Ethel Wright, a young lady, who up till then had exhibited only once, but last May became suddenly recognised by all those who interest themselves in art. A dabbler in paint, an occasional copyist in the National Gallery, and a rather casual pupil of Mr. Seymour Lucas, in 1888 Miss Wright was persuaded by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, to whose perpetual insistance on her possession of talent she owes whatever career she may enjoy, to go to Paris, and at Julien's studio learnt what going in for painting really meant. She moves in a little world of art, and many a distinguished young painter watches her progress with more interest than his own. This year Miss Wright has given us flesh and portraiture; but she is devoted to Pierrot, and hopes to return to him next year.

HIT

SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

A HILLSIDE, PICARDY

ERNEST PARTON

HAMPSHIRE

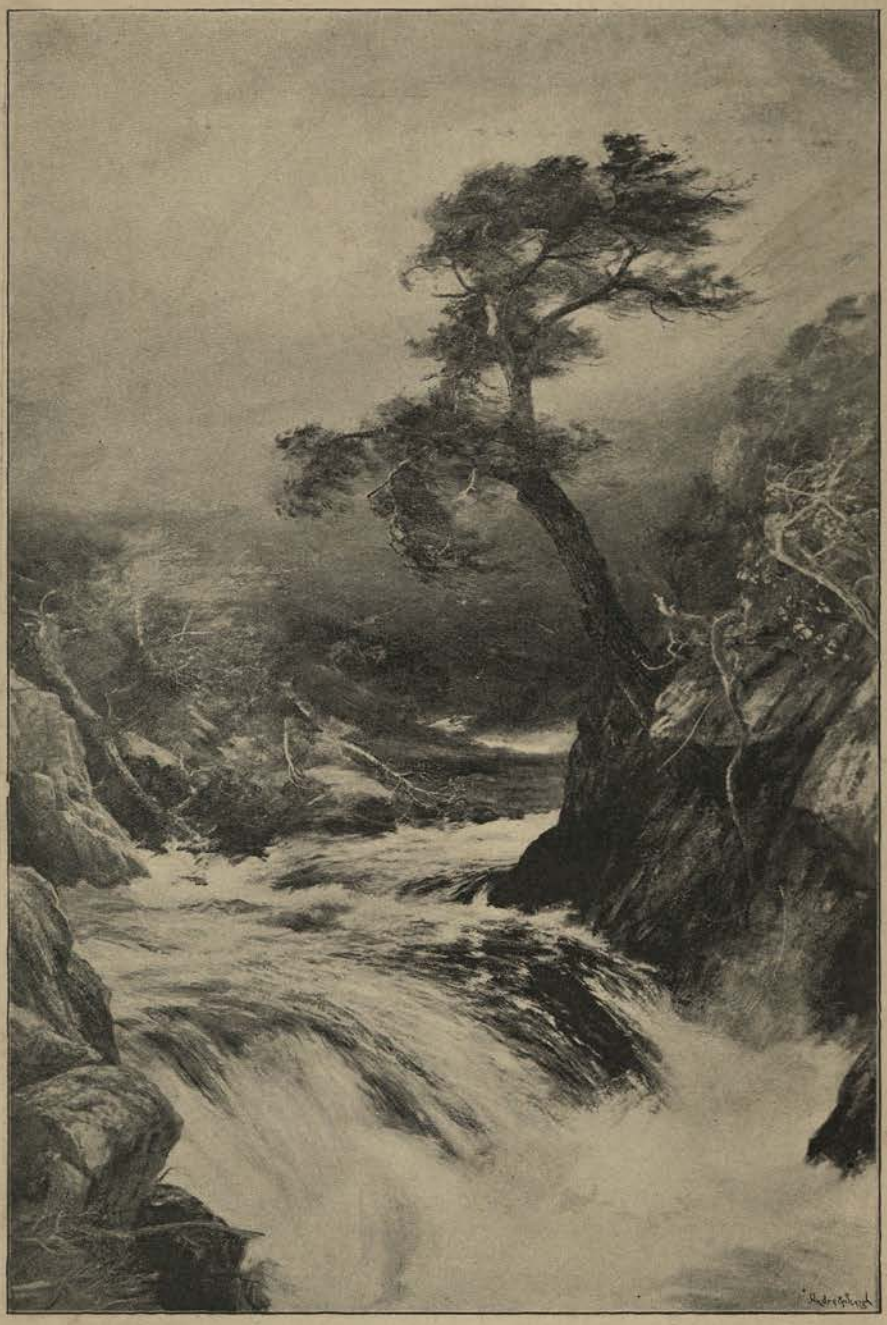
DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.

CYNTHIA, FAIR REGENT OF THE NIGHT

P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.

A BIG DRINK

JOHN T. NETTLESHIP



A HIGHLAND STORM

"Loud roars the wild inconstant blast."

J. MacWHIRTER, A.R.A.

MARY OF MAGDALA

"She, supposing him to be the gardener, said unto him, 'Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.'"—*St. John* xx., 15

BY HERBERT SCHMALZ

MRS. J. HORATIO LOVE

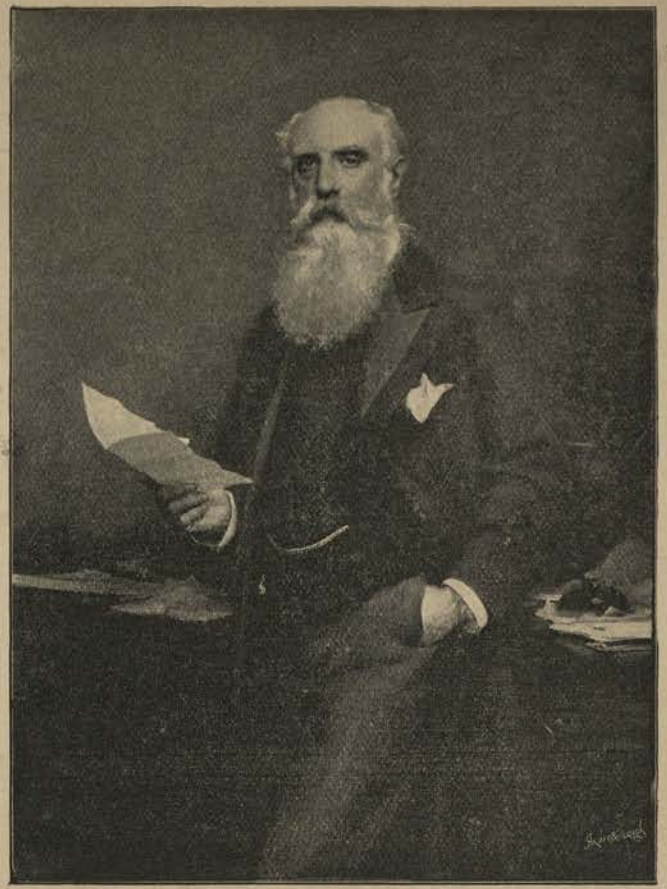
SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A.

WAITING FOR HER PARTNER

G. A. STORRY, A.R.A.

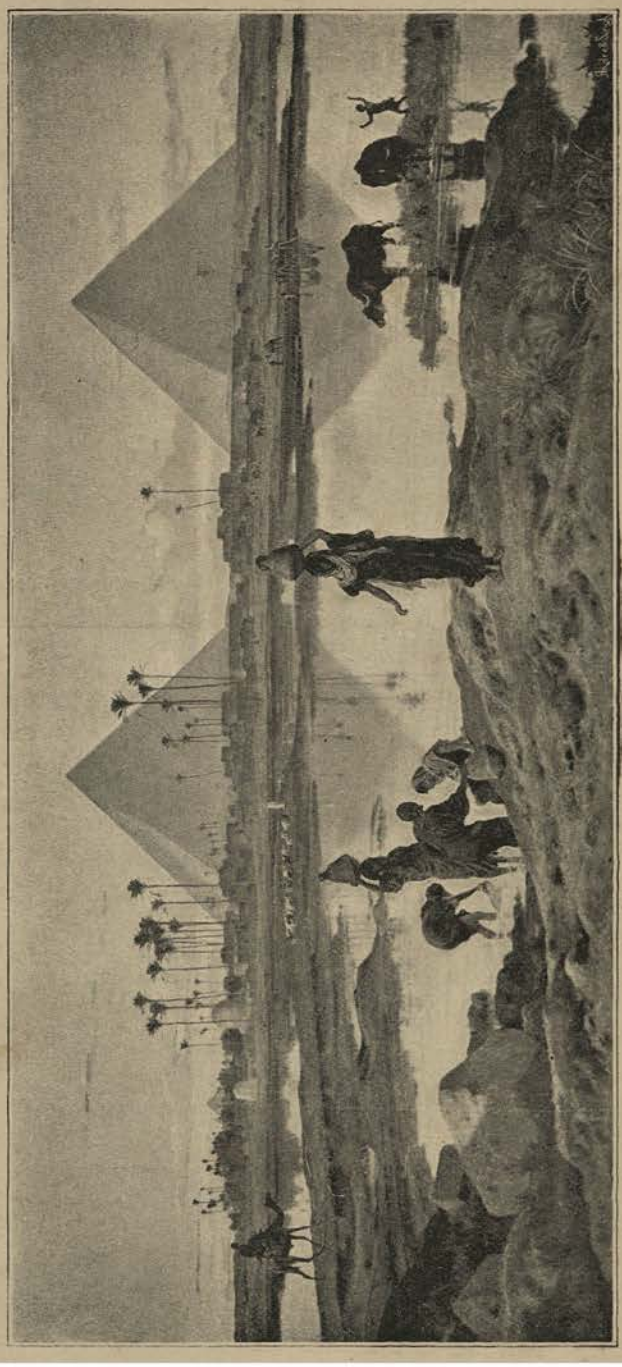
MR. ALDERMAN TRELOAR

J. C. HORSLEY, R.A.



G. B. WIELAND, ESQ.

LUKE FILDES, R.A.



THE WATER OF THE NILE

F. GOODALL, R.A.

OUR DAILY BREAD

ONE OF A SERIES OF PANELS ILLUSTRATING THE LORD'S PRAYER

HORACE VAN RUITH

MRS. HERBERT SCHMALZ

HERBERT SCHMALZ

MRS. HEGAN KENNARD

T. C. GOTCH

IRELAND

COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.

LOBSTER FISHERS

COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.

RIZPAH

SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

A GLASS OF WINE WITH CÆSAR BORGIA

HON. JOHN COLLIER

REFLECTIONS

COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.

SUMMER AT SEA

HENRY MOORE, A.R.A.

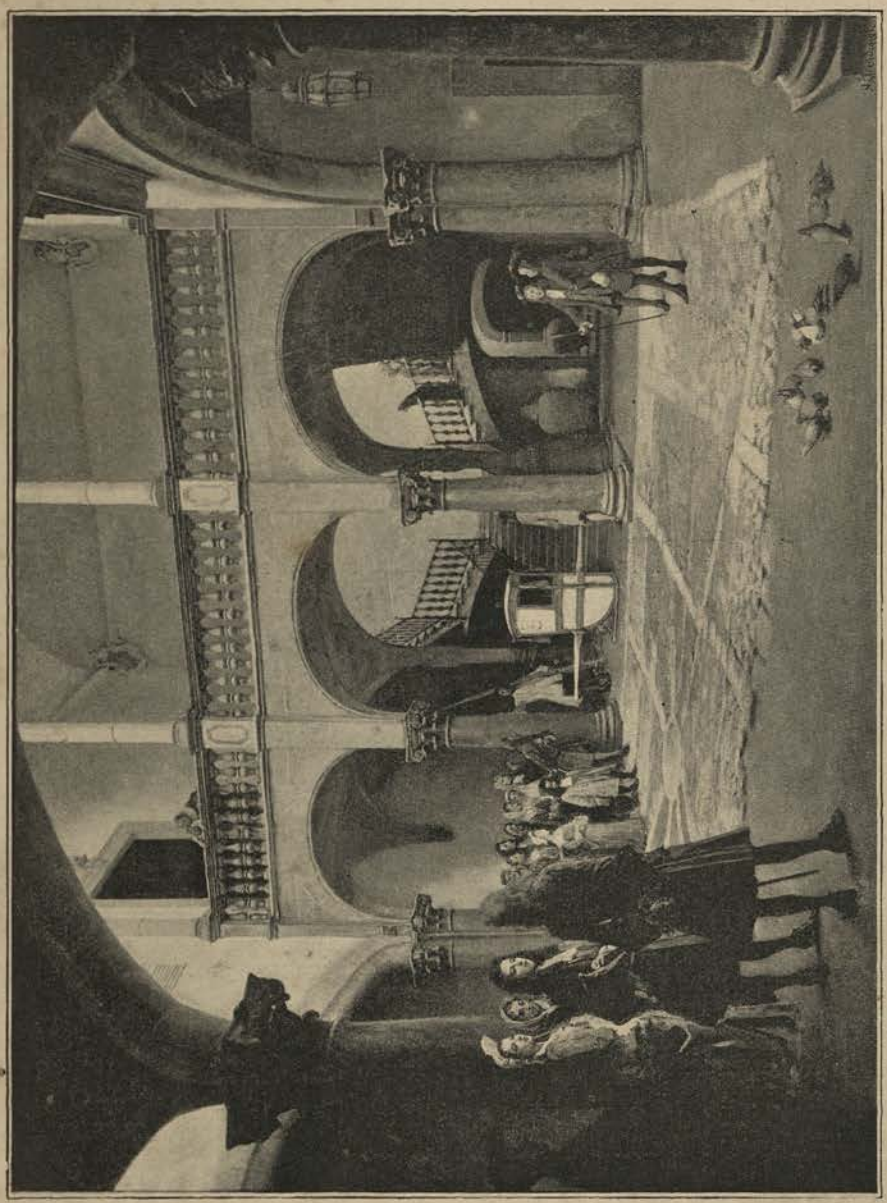
A PEARLY SUMMER

JOHN BRETT, A.R.A.

HOVE TO FOR A PILOT

HENRY MOORE, A.R.A.

THE OLD HERO
J. B. BURGESS, R.A.



COURT AND COURTIERS—PIETRO CASA VIVOT, PALMA MALLORCA
W. F. YEAMES, R.A.

"THE LOCK IS FAST; THE RUSHES SWAY; DESERTED IS THE WATER-WAY

GEORGE C. HAITÉ

MEADOW SWEETS

D. MURRAY, A.R.A.

FRENCH FISHING FLEET LEAVING BOULOGNE HARBOUR

EDWIN HAYES

GARLAND DAY, DORSETSHIRE COAST

A May custom: the garlands are thrown into the sea to bring luck to the mackerel fishing

P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.

ECHO

"The flower that was a life, the life that is a flower."—EPIC OF HADES

ETHEL WRIGHT

LADY ADA OSBORNE, DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF LEEDS

ETHEL WRIGHT

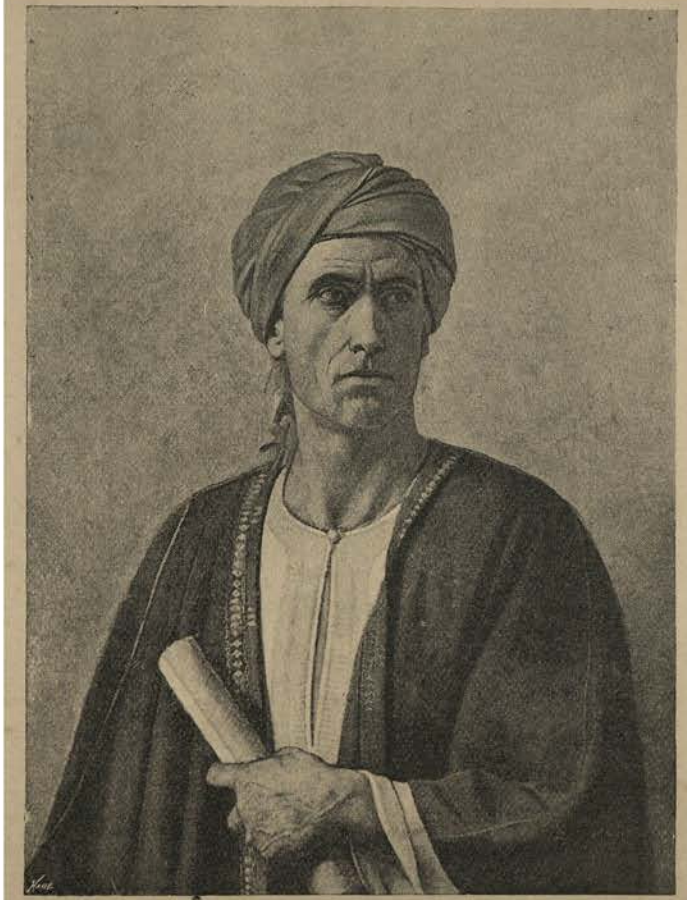
MRS. SCOTT AND HER DAUGHTER KATE

FRED S. BEAUMONT

GENERAL SIR GEORGE WHITE, G.C.I.E.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA

W. LLEWYLLYN



A MOSLEM DOCTRINAIRE

EDWARD ARMITAGE, R.A.

A. N. HORNBY, ESQ.

CAPTAIN OF THE LANCASHIRE ELEVEN

HON. JOHN COLLIER

THE NEWS OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

"It affected Philip so much that he shut himself up in the Escurial and no one dared to speak to him."—FROUDE

SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A.

"FLOWERS PLUCKED AND CAST ASIDE"

HENRIETTA RAE (MRS. E. NORMAND)

"THERETO THE SILENT VOICE REPLIED, 'LOOK UP THRO' NIGHT: THE WORLD IS WIDE'"

GERALD E. MOIRA

THOMAS WRIGHT, ESQ., EX-MAYOR OF LEICESTER

THE LATE JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

G. HOWLEY PALMER, ESQ.
THE LATE JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

MRS. MERRIELESS

W. W. OULESS, R.A.

RACHAEL AND HER FLOCK

F. GOODALL, R.A.

THE NOONDAY DRINK

T. S. COOPER, R.A.

RICH SPOIL

J. T. NETTLESHIP

AFTER FIFTY YEARS

F. BRAMLEY

J. HOWARD GWYTHER, ESQ.

A. S. COPE

WILLIAM MEWBURN, ESQ., J.P.

A. S. COPE

TROUBLE

J. B. BURGESS, R.A.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.

(The property of the Corporation of Manchester)

THE TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC

FRED ROE

1793

T. BLAKE WIRGMAN

TO GRETNA GREEN

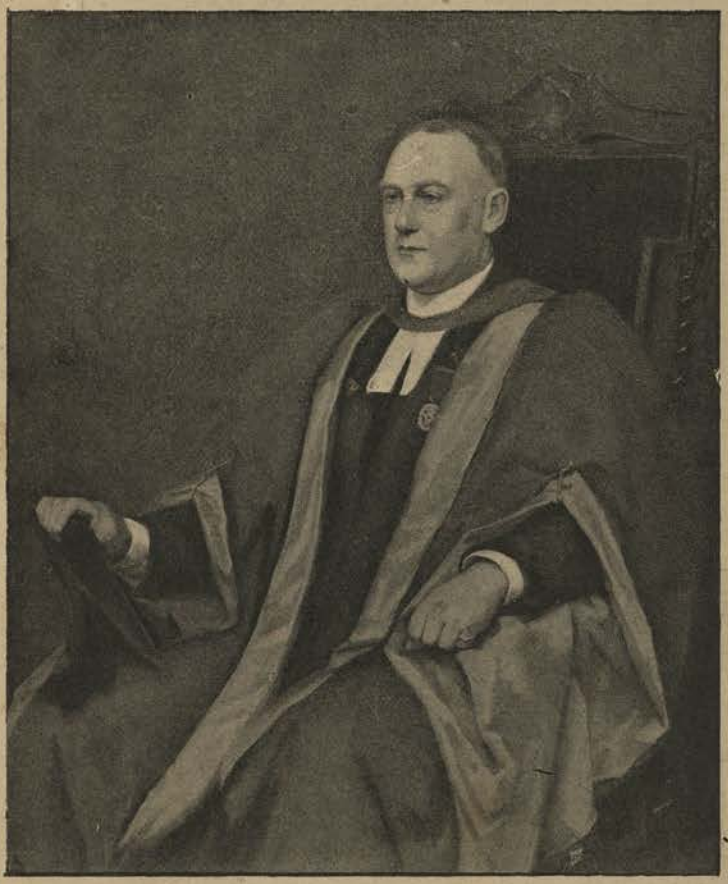
W. A. BREAKSPEARE

THE INTERVAL

JOHN H. BACON

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A.



DR. E. KER GRAY, LL.D.

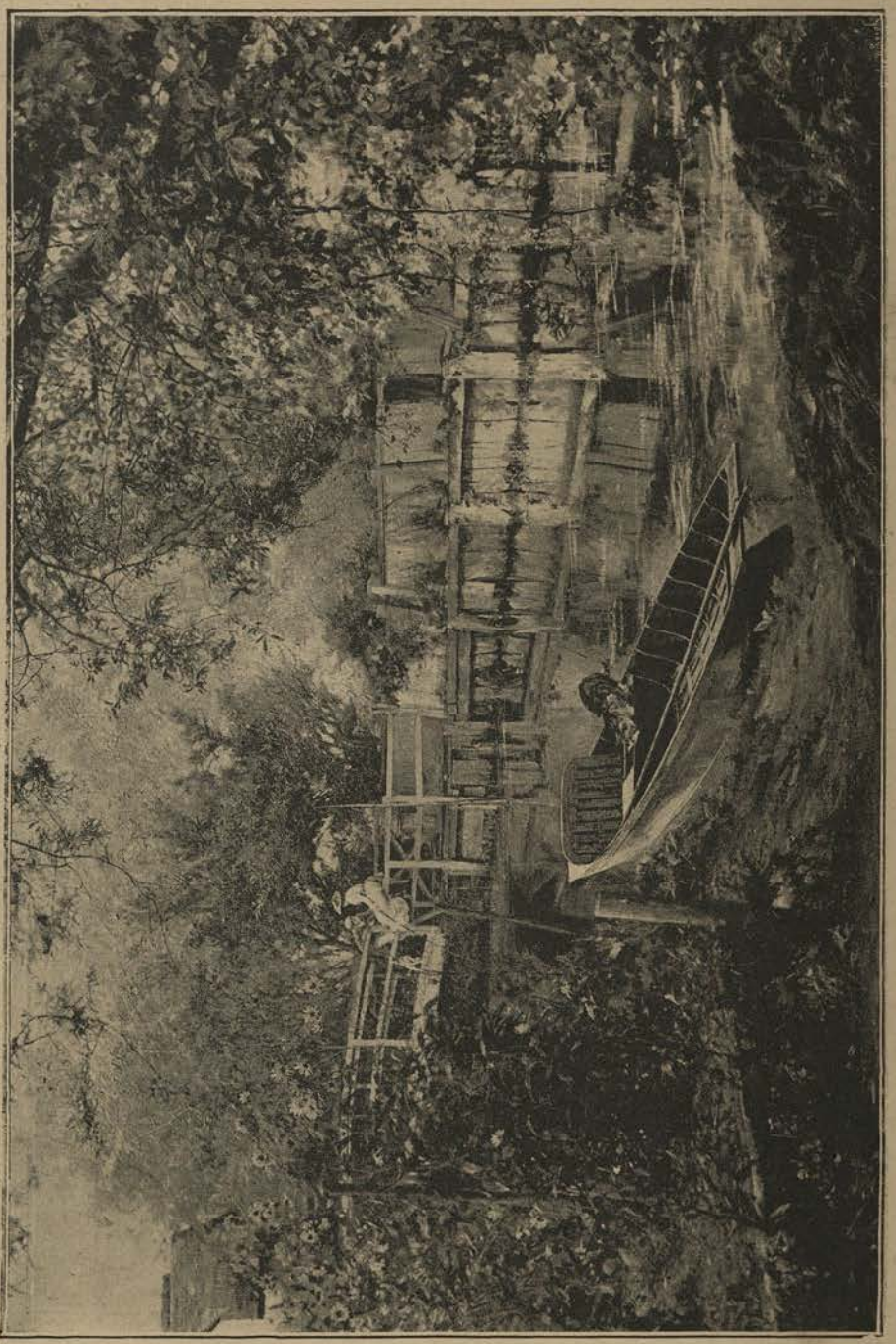
F. M. SKIPWORTH

LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL
PRESIDENT OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF LONDON
LOCKHART BOGLE

ALBERT BRASSEY, ESQ.
E. A. OULESS, A.R.A.

MILLY, DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. D. C. DEFRIES
ETHEL WRIGHT

UNDER THE LILACS
P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.



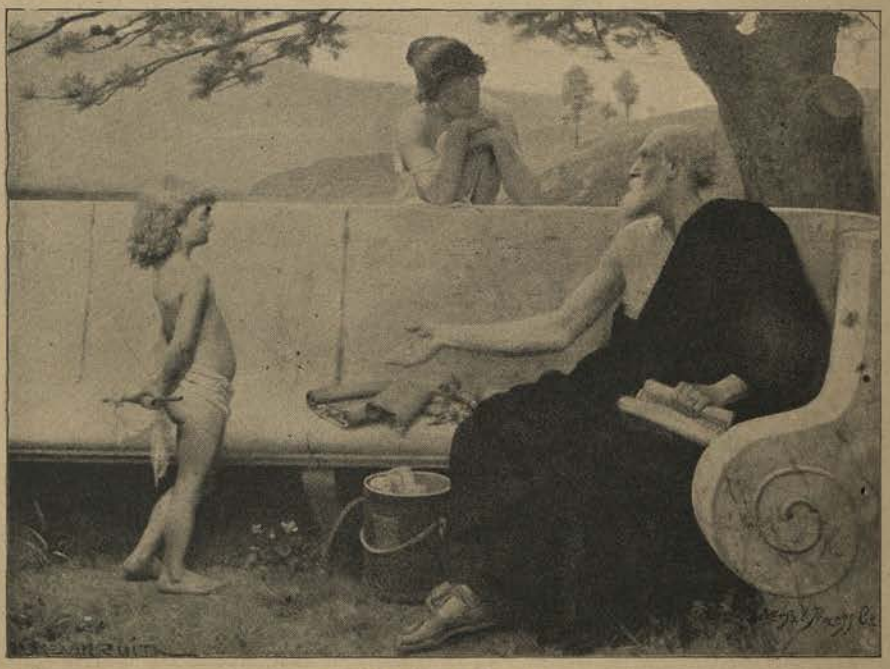
SPOILS OF OPPORTUNITY
E. J. GREGORY, A.R.A.

ELIZABETH WOODVILLE, WIDOW OF EDWARD IV., PARTING WITH HER YOUNGER SON THE DUKE OF YORK

PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A.

FAITH

FLORA M. REID



ATTENTIVE LISTENERS

HORACE VAN RUTH

IN THE FORDWICK MEADOWS, EAST KENT

T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.

MOORLAND PRINCESSES

MRS. STANHOPE A. FORBES

PROMISES

G. F. WATTS, R.A.

ROSES AND THORNS

FRED MORGAN

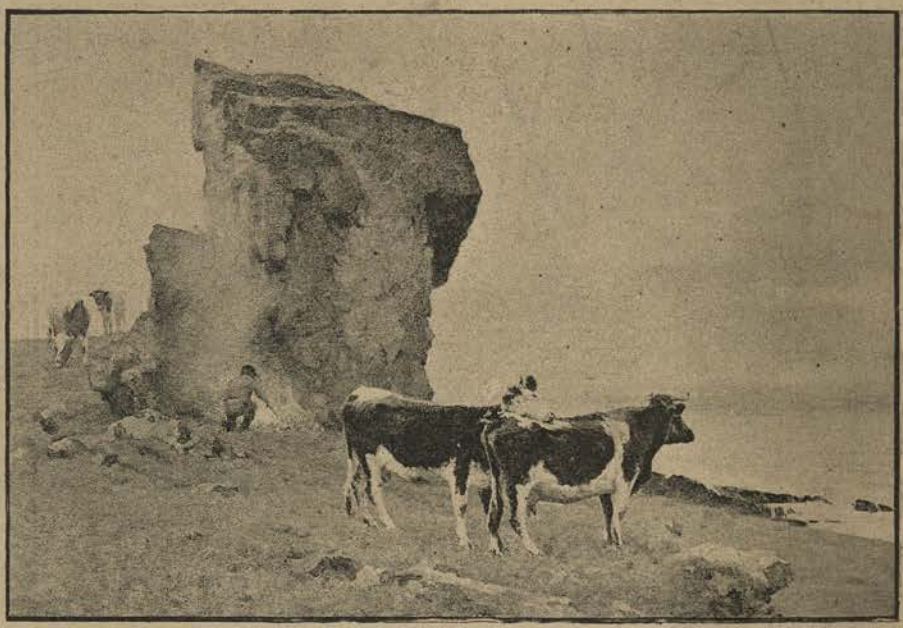
"QUIS SEPARABIT?"

THE SHAMROCK, THE ROSE, AND THE THISTLE

JOHN MacWHIRTER, A.R.A.

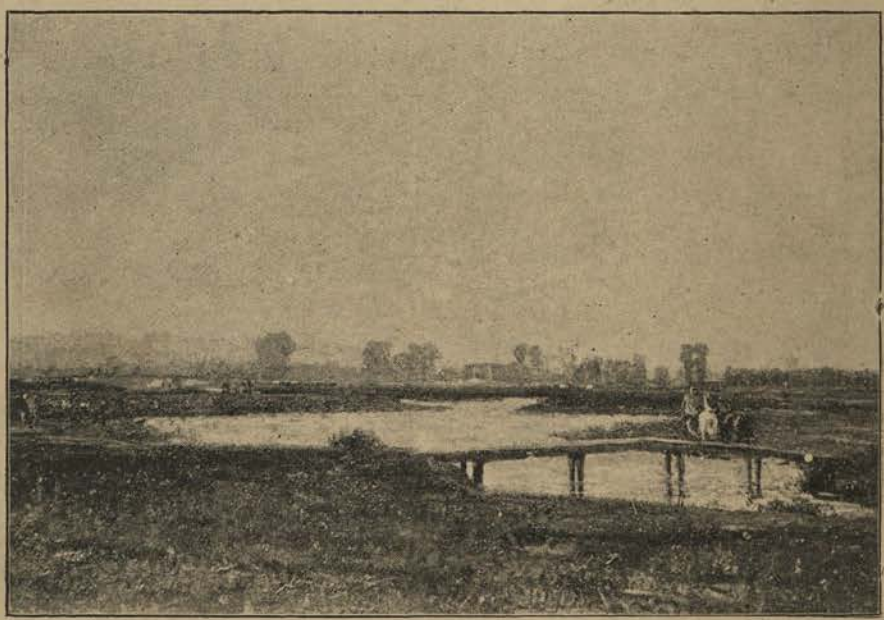
THE VISION AT THE MARTYR'S WELL

GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.



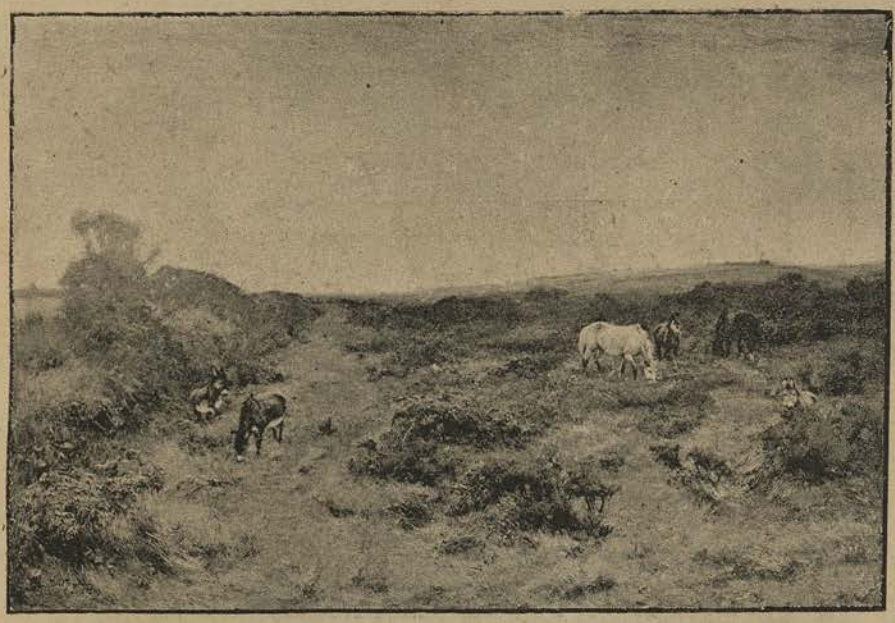
ON A CORNISH CLIFF

ADRIAN STOKES



RUNNYMEDE

J. BUXTON KNIGHT



MORNING ON THE COMMON

DAVID FARQUHARSON

"POOR ARE THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR"

JOHN R. REID

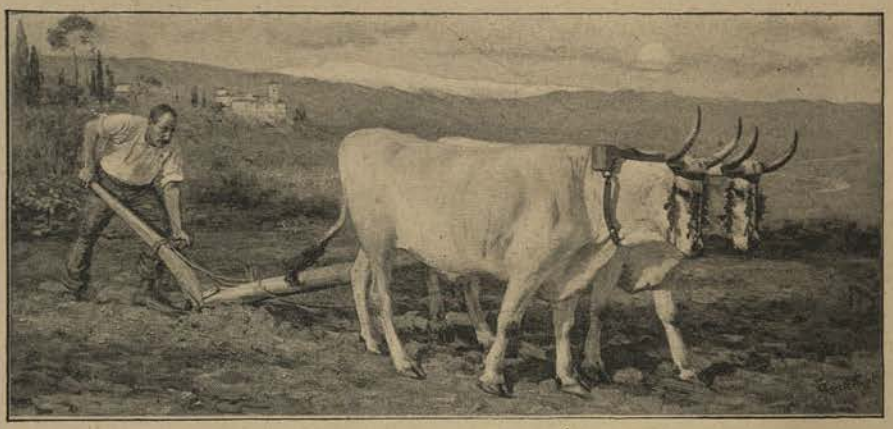
THE MIRROR

JAMES SANT, R.A.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

JAMES SANT, R.A.

64276



IN TUSCANY

"The heavy timbers of the crooked plough."—VIRGIL

RALPH PEACOCK

THE ANNOUNCEMENT

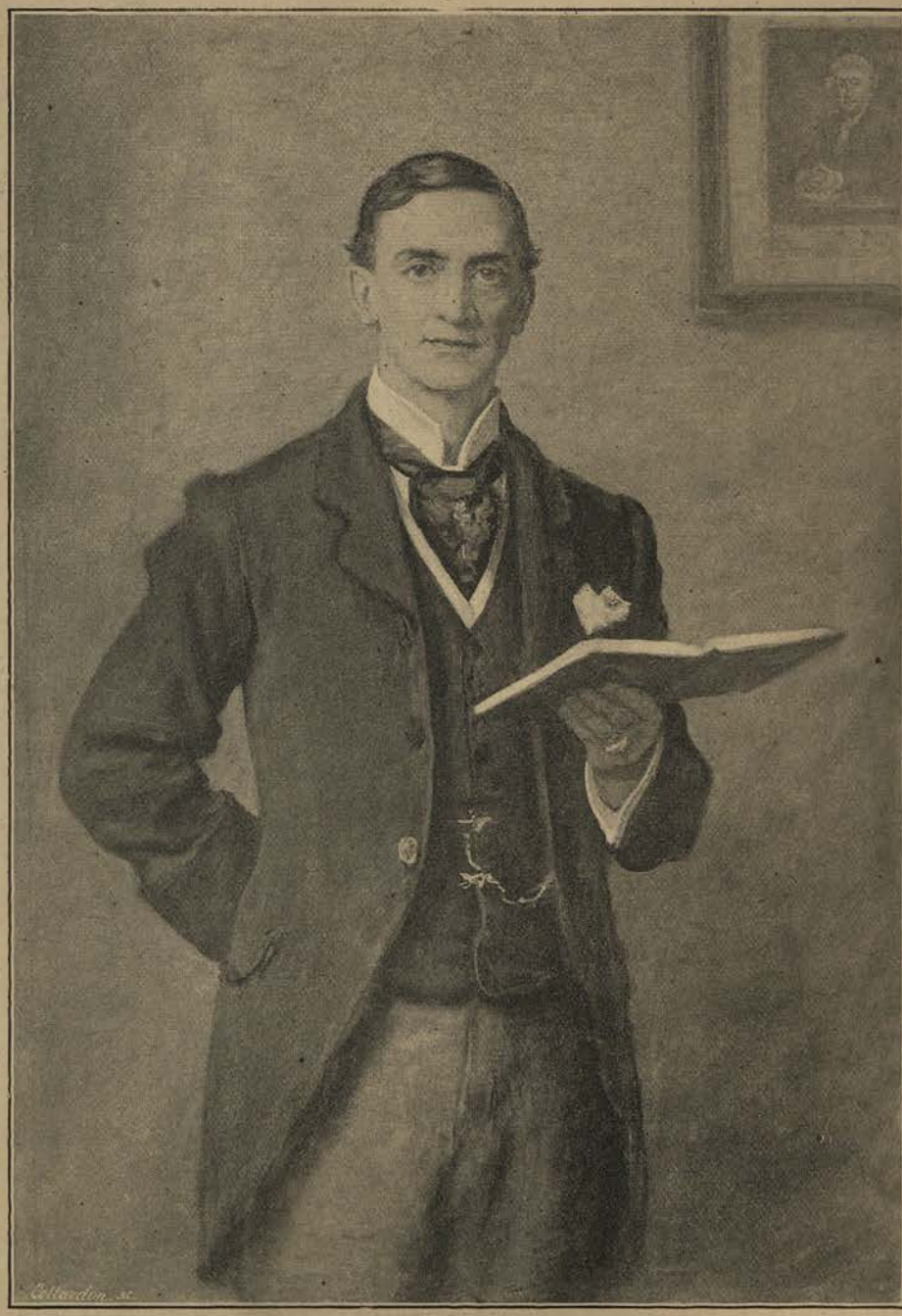
JOHN H. BACON

DAMASCUS FROM SALAHIYEH

HERBERT SCHMALZ

HIS FIRST VOYAGE

RALPH HEDLEY



JOHN HARE, ESQ.

SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART., R.A.

THE RT. HON. H. H. FOWLER, M.P.

A. S. COPE

MRS. WARREN
EDWARD PATRY

MRS. J. F. CORBETT
ERNEST W. APPLEBY

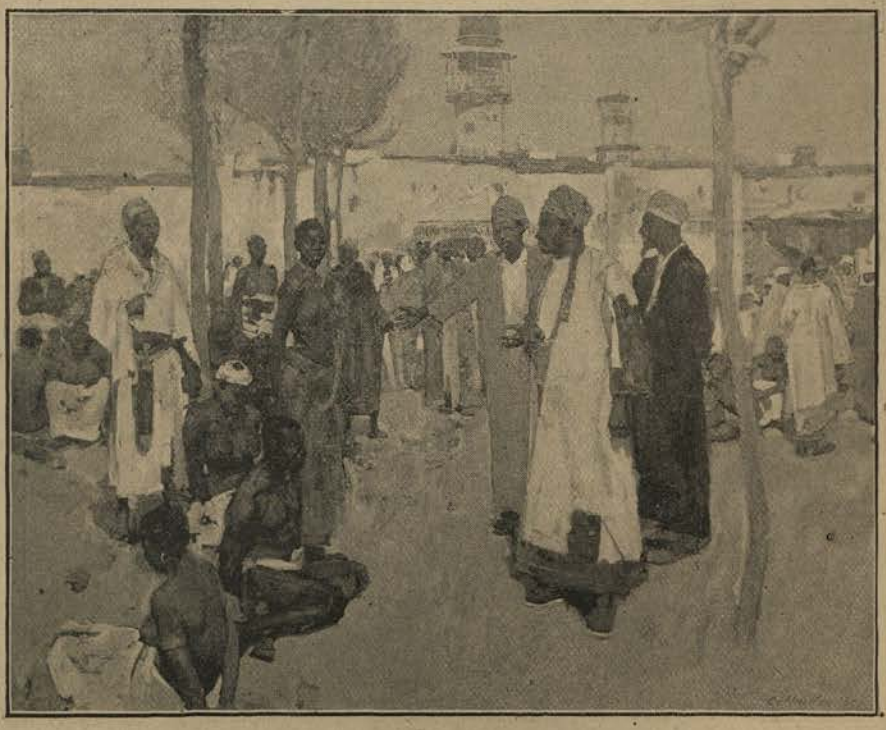
LADY DOROTHY NEVILL

F. GOODALL, R.A.

MRS. ELLIOTT LEES

LUKE FILDES, R.A.

SUMMER FLOWERS
CHARLIE W. WYLLIE



SLAVE MARKET
FRANK BRANGWYN

DONE

W. B. WOLLEN

NOVEMBER IN THE GLEN

NIELS M. LUND

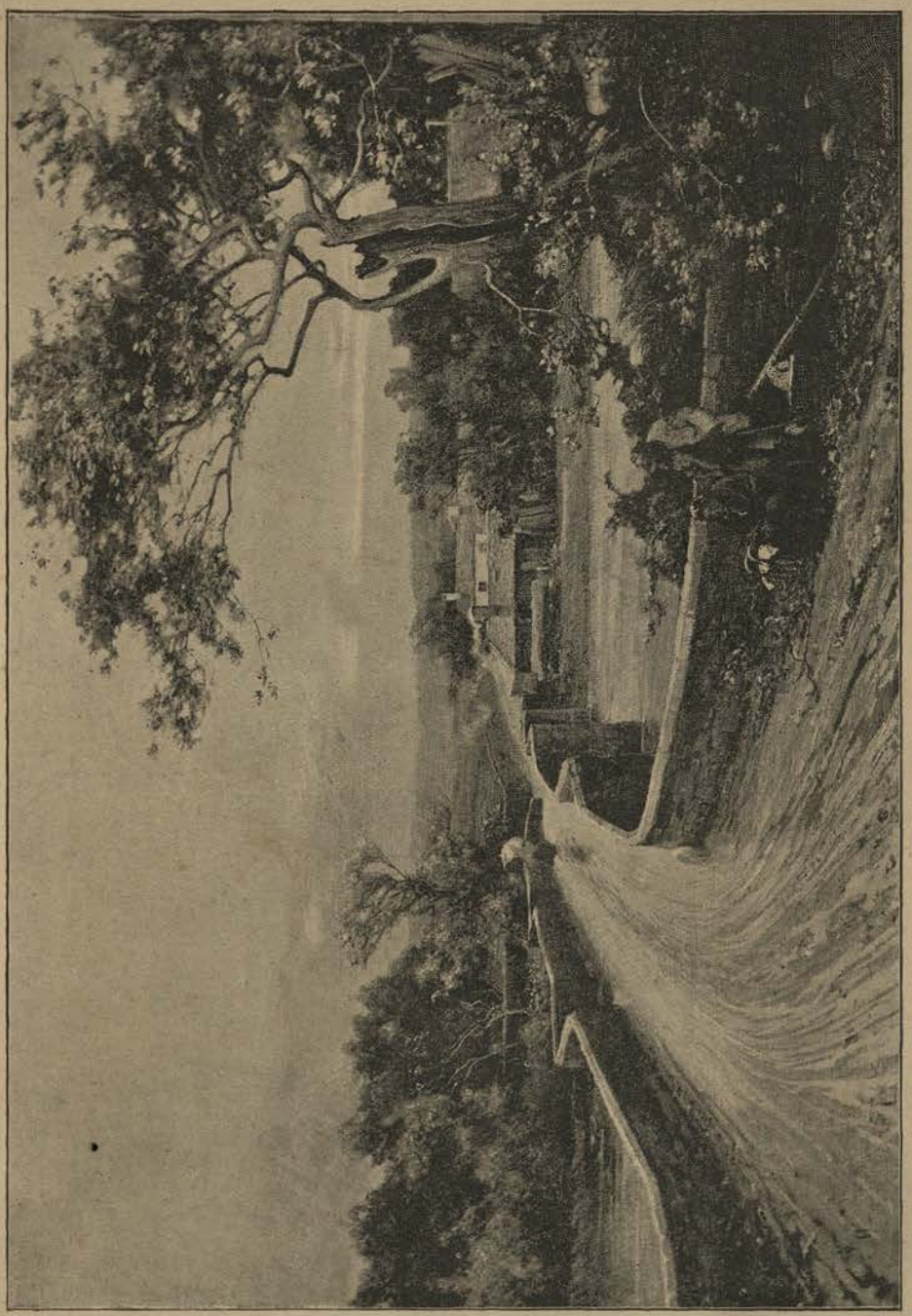
SIR FORREST FULTON, Q.C.
COMMON SERJEANT OF LONDON
LANCE CALKIN

MISS AGNES CROCKETT
ALFRED HITCHENS

E. ONSLOW FORD, ESQ., A.R.A.
J. McLURE HAMILTON

THE QUEEN OF LOVE

T. B. KENNINGTON



NEWBY BRIDGE, WINDERMERE
ALFRED EAST, R.I.

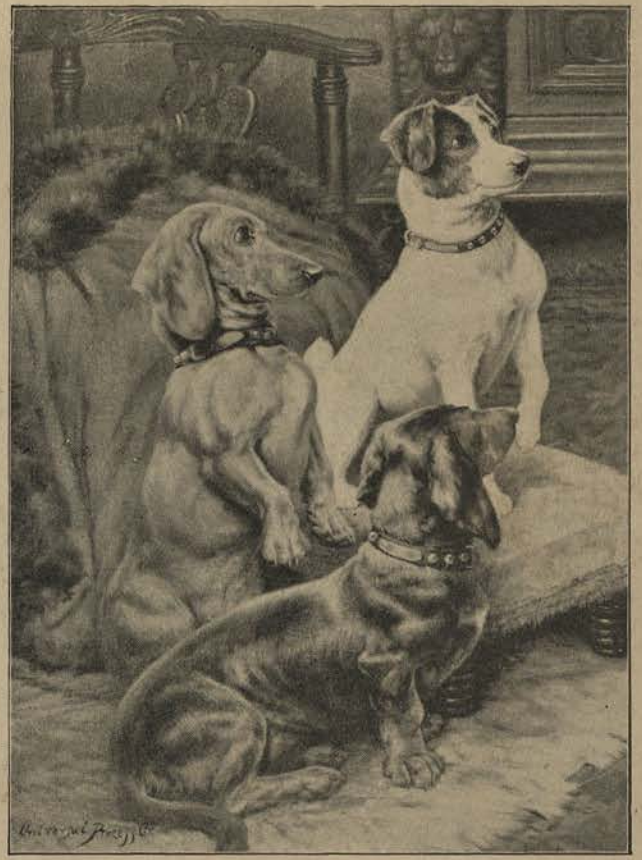
STELLA

MRS. ALICE G. GRINLING

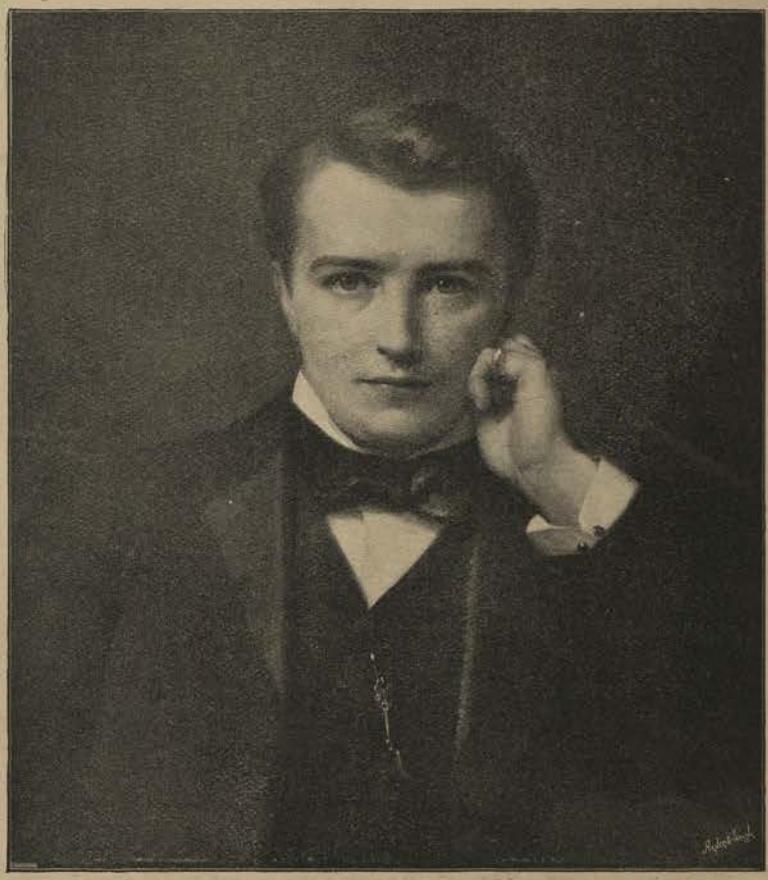
"MULTIPLICATION IS VEXATION"

MAUD PORTER

"BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME"
T. S. COOPER, R.A.



EXPECTANCY
FANNIE MOODY



EDWARD HERON ALLEN, ESQ.
RUDOLF LEHMANN

MISS MARY HENRIETTE TODD

NIELS M. LUND

THE ORPHANS OF AMSTERDAM

GABRIEL NICOLET

UN MAUVAIS SUJET

MAUDE GOODMAN

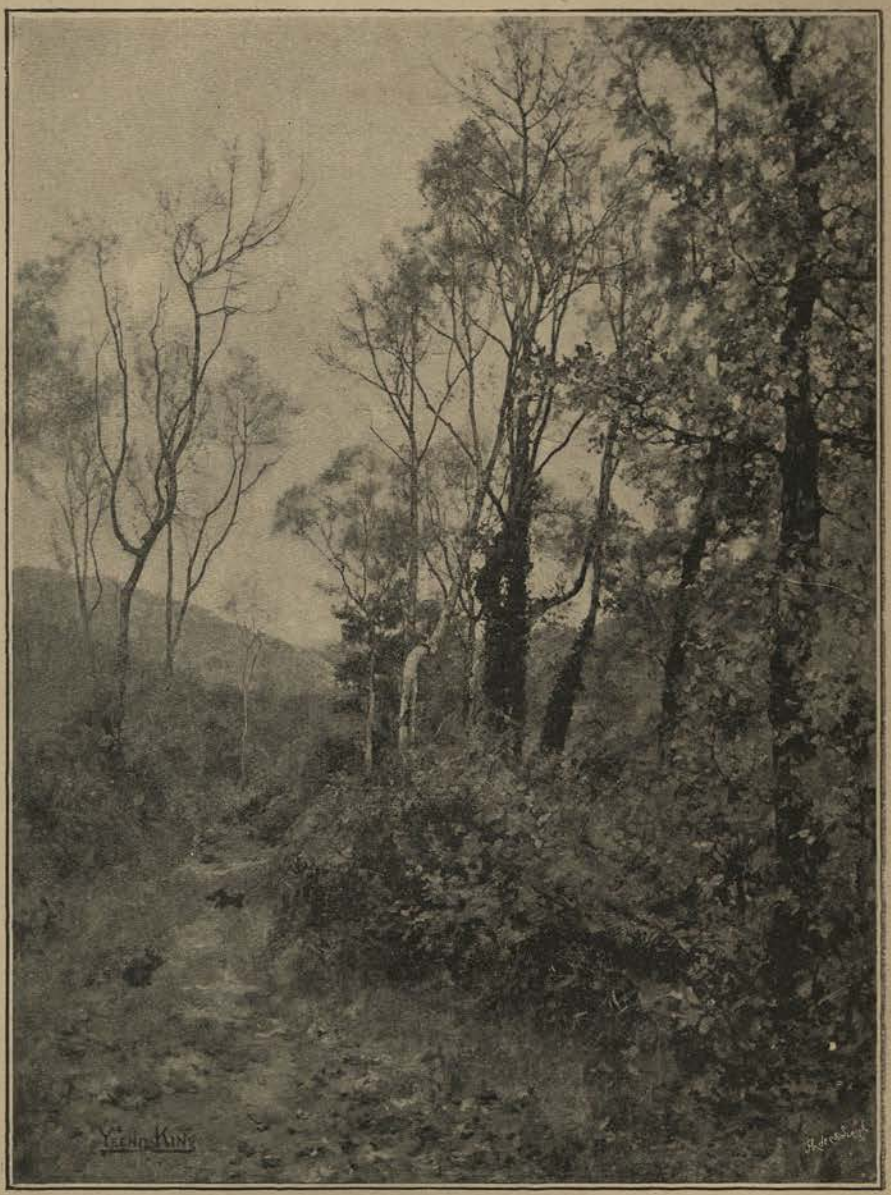
(By permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., Regent Street)

EVENING

C. GREVILLE MORRIS

THE GOLDEN VALLEY

ALFRED EAST, R.I.



THE PATH THROUGH THE WOODS

YEEND KING

GUESS!

MAUDE GOODMAN

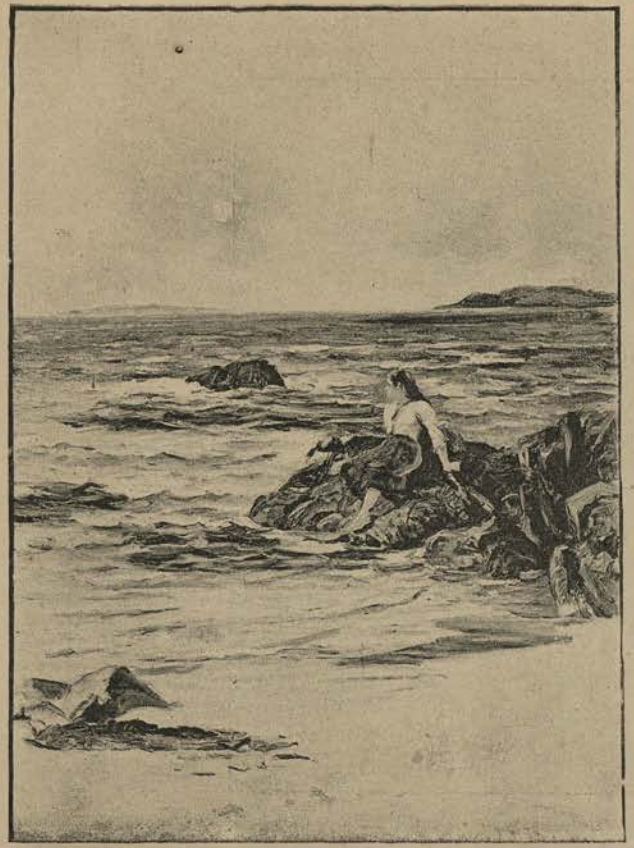
{By permission of Messrs. Hildesheimer & Co., Limited}

NEÆRA READING A LETTER FROM TIBULLUS

HENRY I. HUDSON

BARBARA

G. D. LESLIE, R.A.



WAITING FOR LOW TIDE

COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.

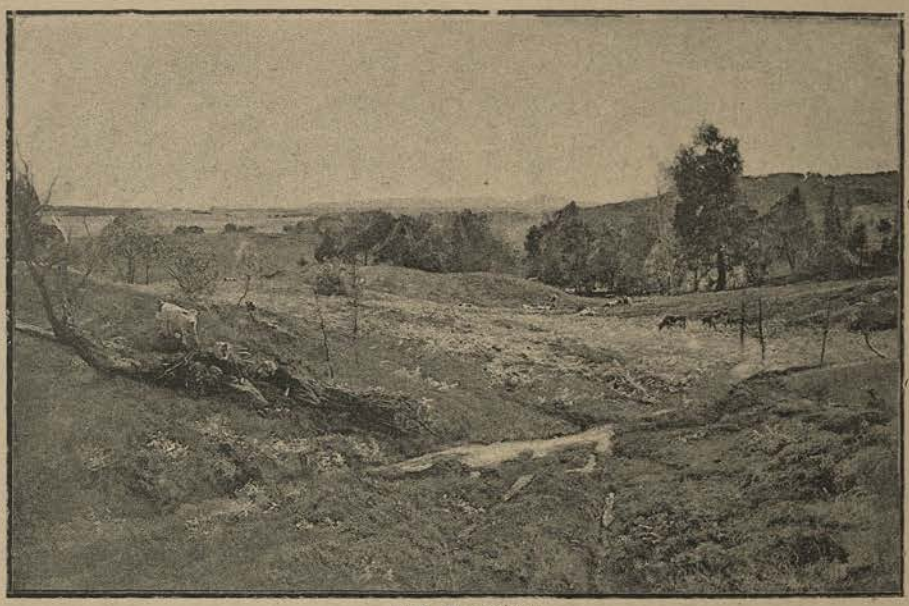
AFTER MANY DAYS

HENRY E. DETMOLD

A LETTER

J. SANT, R.A.

MRS. WOLF
MARY L. WALLER



FIR-FAGGOTS

DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.

SWEETS OF LIFE

JOSEPH CLARK

PORTRAIT OF A LADY
LUKE FILDES, R.A.

MRS. FRANCIS ROBINSON
HENRY J. HUDSON

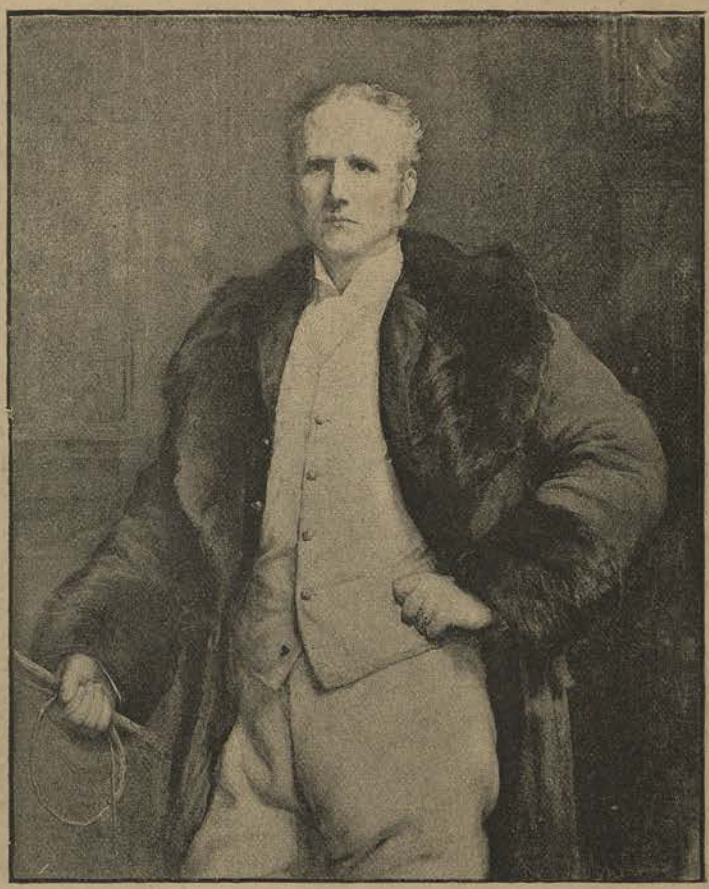
NURSING THE FIRE

HAYNES KING

L'ADIEU DE MARIE STUART

"Adieu, charmant pays de France
Que je dois tant chérir!
Berceau de mon heureuse enfance
Adieu! te quitter c'est mourir."—BERANGER.

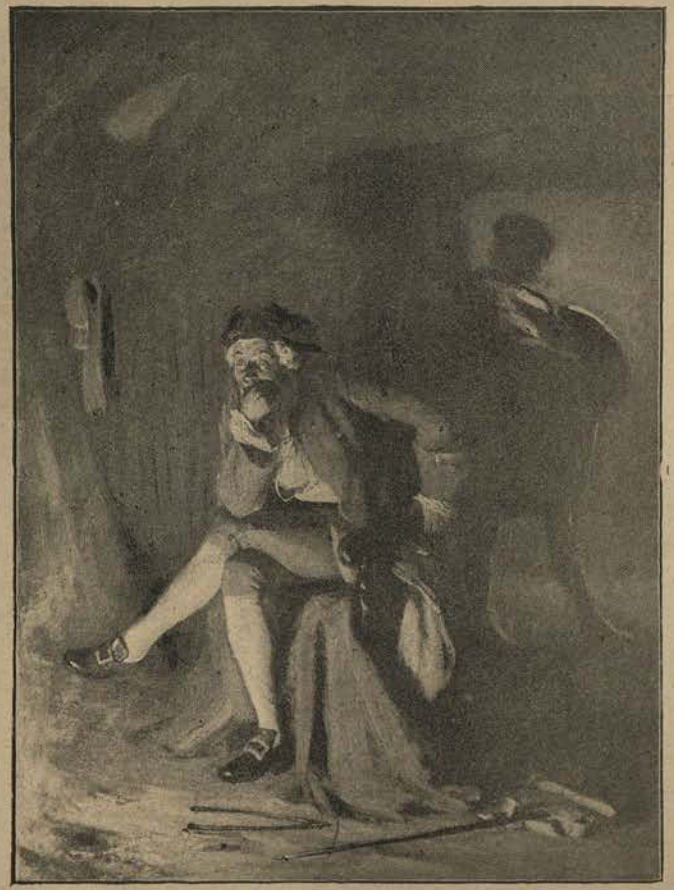
W. P. FRITH, R.A.



G. H. PEMBER, ESQ.
W. W. OULESS, R.A.

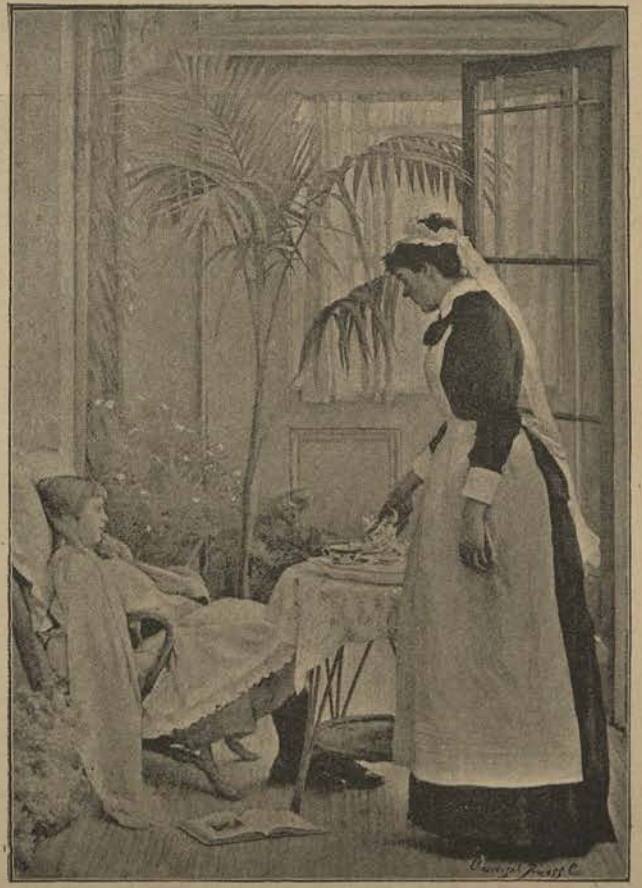
THE COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM

MRS. MARY L. WALLER



THE HOSTAGE

J. WATSON NICOL



CONVALESCENT

THE LATE CLAUDE CALTHROP

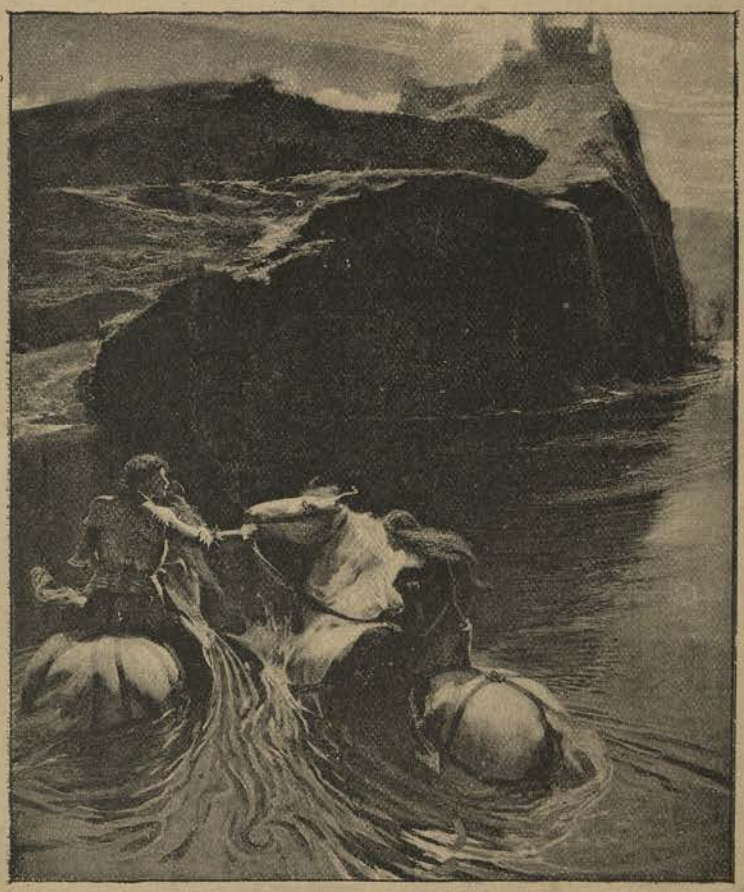
NEWS FROM TRAFALGAR

"Officers killed and wounded on board the 'Ajax,' none."—Vide *Times*, 7th Nov. 1805

JESSIE MACGREGOR

THE SWING (WATER-COLOUR)

J. R. WEGUELIN



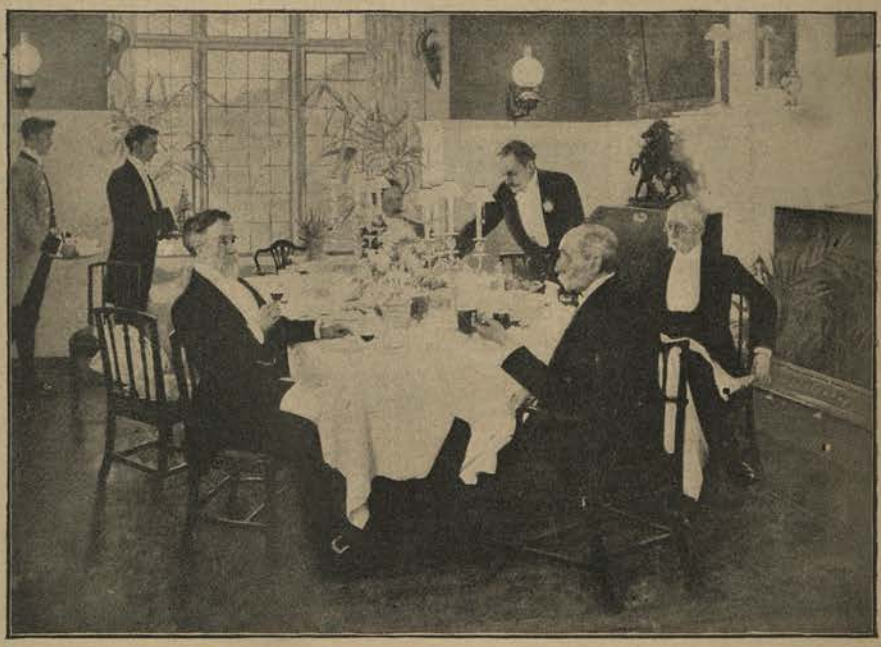
"MANY WATERS CANNOT QUENCH LOVE"
WALTER WEST

GAME TO THE LAST

LASLETT J. POTT

THE CHILD HANDEL

MARGARET J. DICKSEE



A SUMMER DINNER-PARTY

A. CHEVALLIER TAYLER

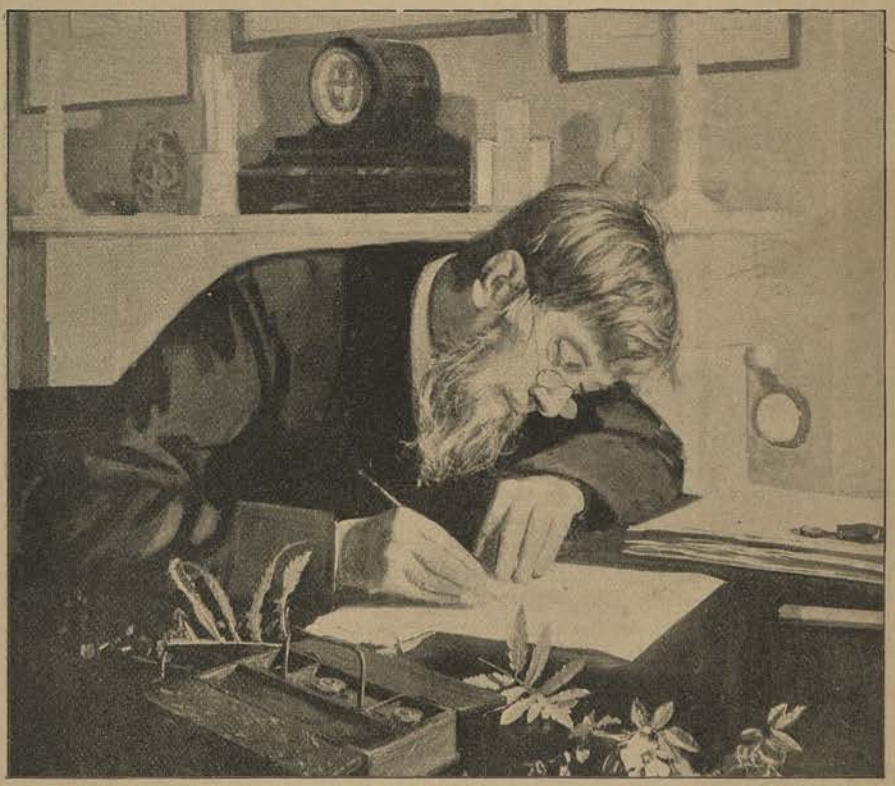
SAN GIORGIO, VENICE

CLARA MONTALBA

PEG OF LIMAWADDY

"Presently a maid enters with the liquor, half-a-pint of ale, frothing in a beaker."
THACKERAY'S "PEG OF LIMAWADDY"

EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.



J. GILBERT BAKER, ESQ., F.R.S.

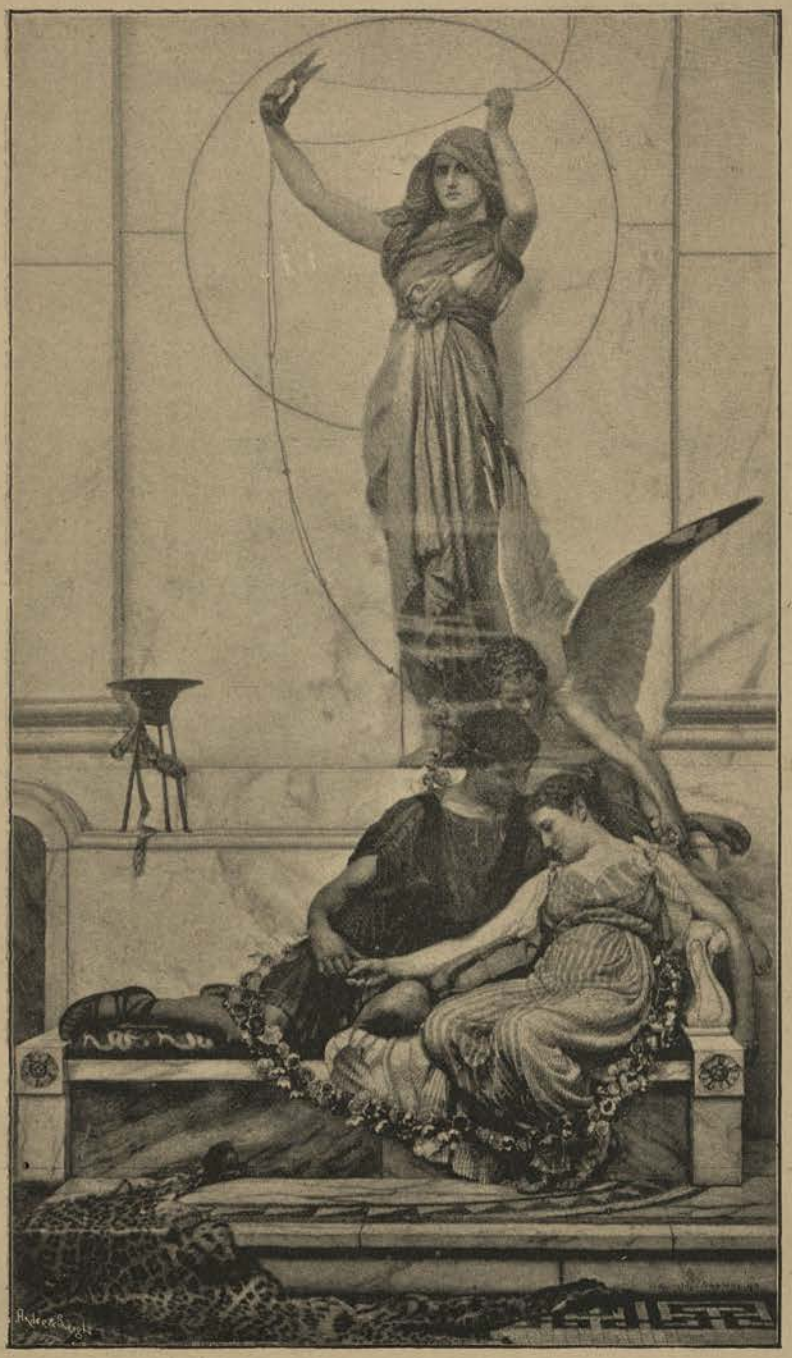
JAS. W. FORSTER

A GOLDEN DREAM

T. C. GOTCH

THE MISSING BOAT IN SIGHT

EDWARD S. HARPER

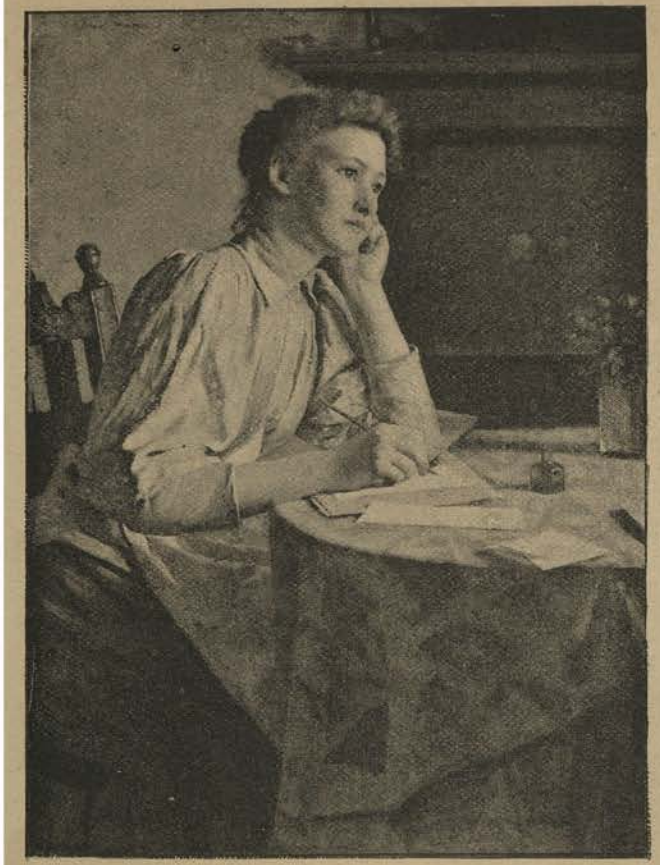


LOVE AND FATE

W. REYNOLDS-STEPHENS

PORTRAIT OF A BOY
NORMAN GARSTIN

EVENING—CHILDREN SAYING GRACE
J. H. LORIMER



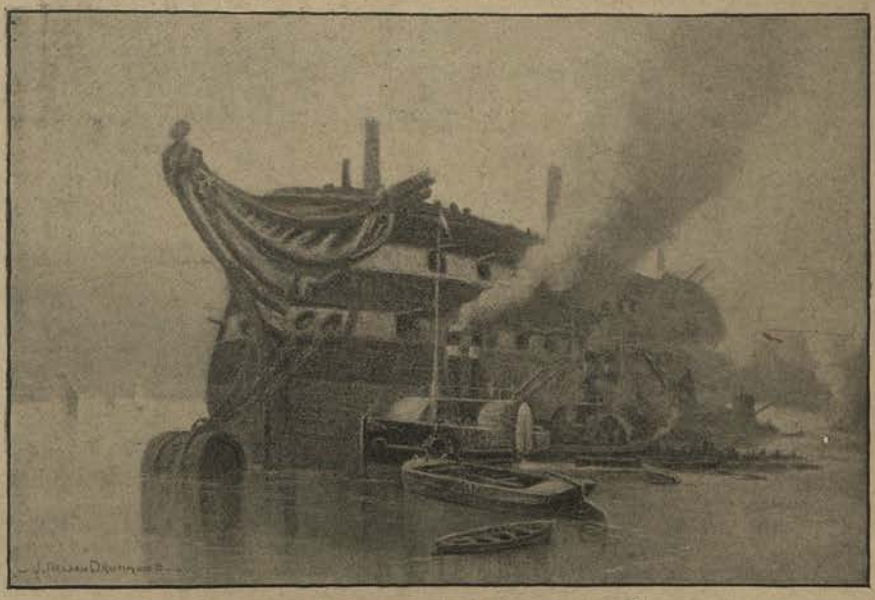
BETWEEN "YES" AND "NO"
EDWIN HARRIS

FOR THE FOLD
WILLIAM B. FORTESCUE

THE SICILIAN SEA, FROM THE TAORMINA CLIFFS

JOHN BRETT, A.R.A.

(By permission of Geo. Martineau, Esq., Gomshall)



"SAVED"—NELSON'S "FOUDROYANT"

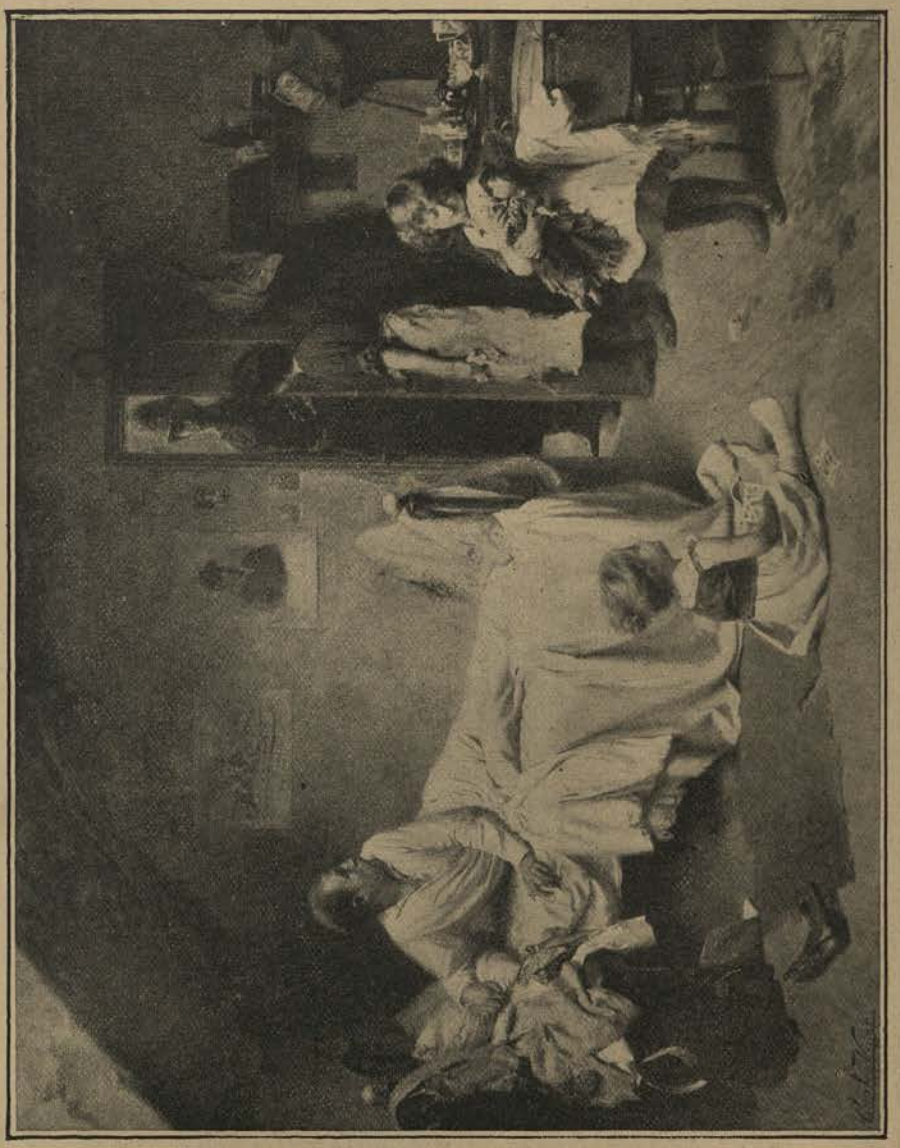
J. NELSON DRUMMOND

ROMANIES

LEGHE SUTHERS

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN

RALPH TODD



INNOCENCE AND GUILT
CHARLES VIGOR

MUSIC

"Soft stillness and the night become the touches of sweet harmony"

S. MELTON FISHER

SORROW AND SONG

E. BLAIR LEIGHTON

(By permission of Messrs. Frost and Reed, 8, Clare Street, Bristol, by whom an engraving will be published)

CAVALIERS IN HIDING

THE LATE CLAUDE CALTHROP

COMPARISONS L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.
(By permission of Mr. Stephen T. Gooden, 57, Pall Mall)

"THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL": MARGARET, BELLA AND MARY, DAUGHTERS OF J. MACKINNON, ESQ.
MADAME LOUISA STARR CANZIANI

PORTRAIT OF A LADY
J. A. FORD

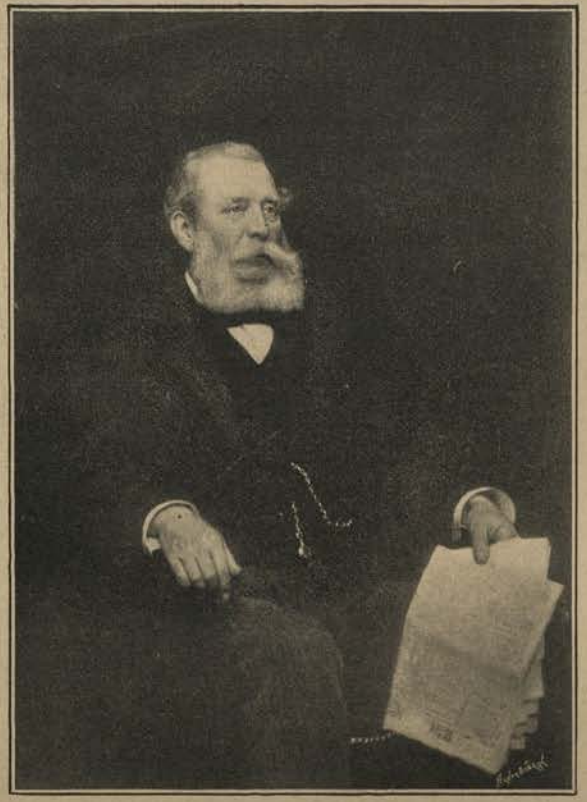
ZILLAH, DOROTHY, AND MARJORIE
DAUGHTERS OF GUSTAVE TUCK, ESQ.
HERBERT A. HORWITZ

A SILENT SOLITUDE
CHARLES STUART

ADVICE GRATIS
HAYNES KING

Each purple peak, each flinty spire Was bathed in floods of living fire
But not a setting beam could glow Within the dark ravines below

CHARLES STUART



WILLIAM PATERSON, ESQ.

EDWARD PATRY

IN A STUDIO

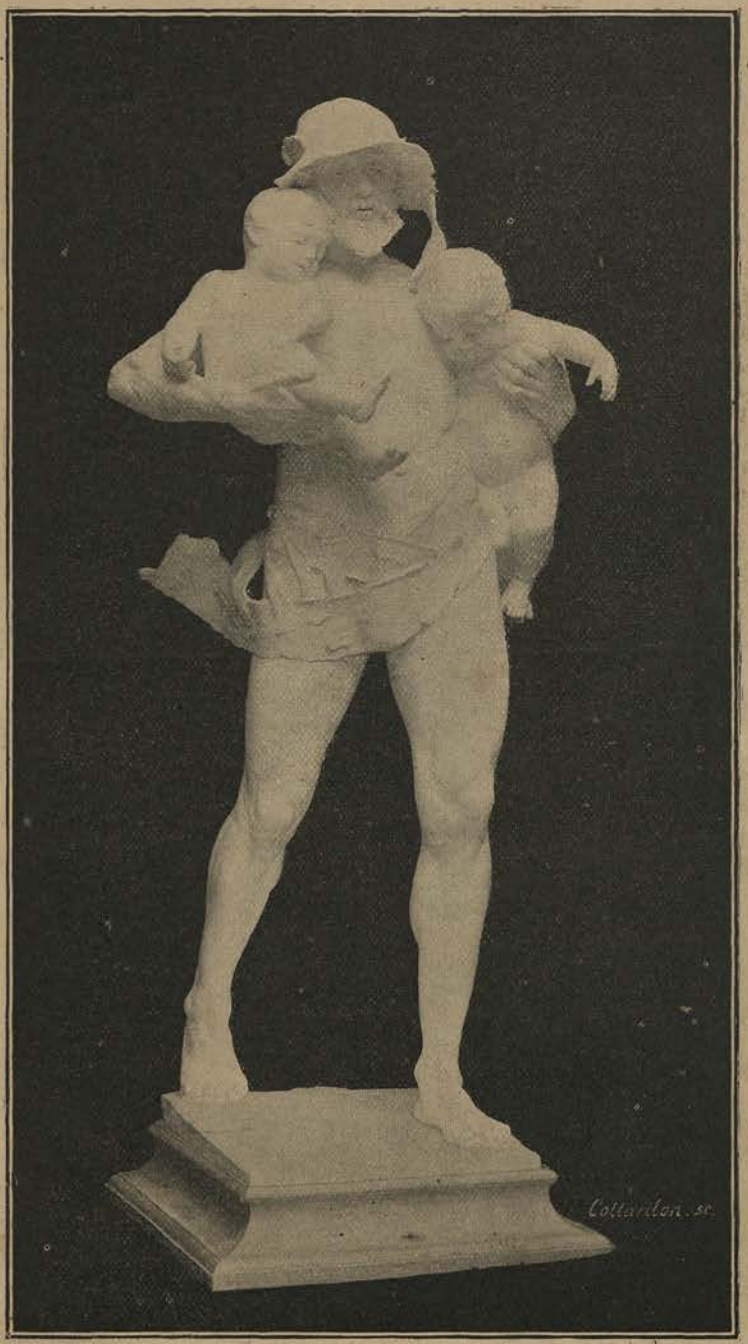
IDA VERNER

MRS. ROBERT WILLIAMSON

MARY L. LEESMIT

SUMMER

HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.



THE CHILDREN OF THE WOLF
(BRONZE STATUE)
GEORGE FRAMPTON

VANITY

CHARLOTTE HUNTON

OBLIVION

"What's past and what's to come is strewed with husk
And formless ruin of oblivion"

ANDREA C. LUCCHESI

SIDE VIEW

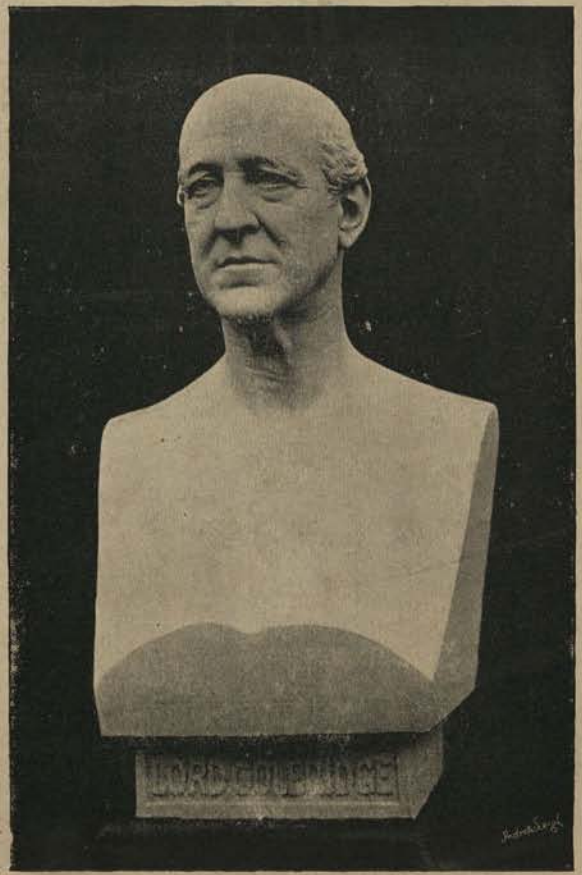
FRONT VIEW

APPLAUSE

"Come then, be there song and music before thy face,
Put behind thee evil cares all, think thou only upon happiness,
"Until the coming of the day of departure, in which one departeth
To the land of loving silence."—*The Song of the Harpist of Thebes.*

E. ONSLOW FORD, A.R.A.

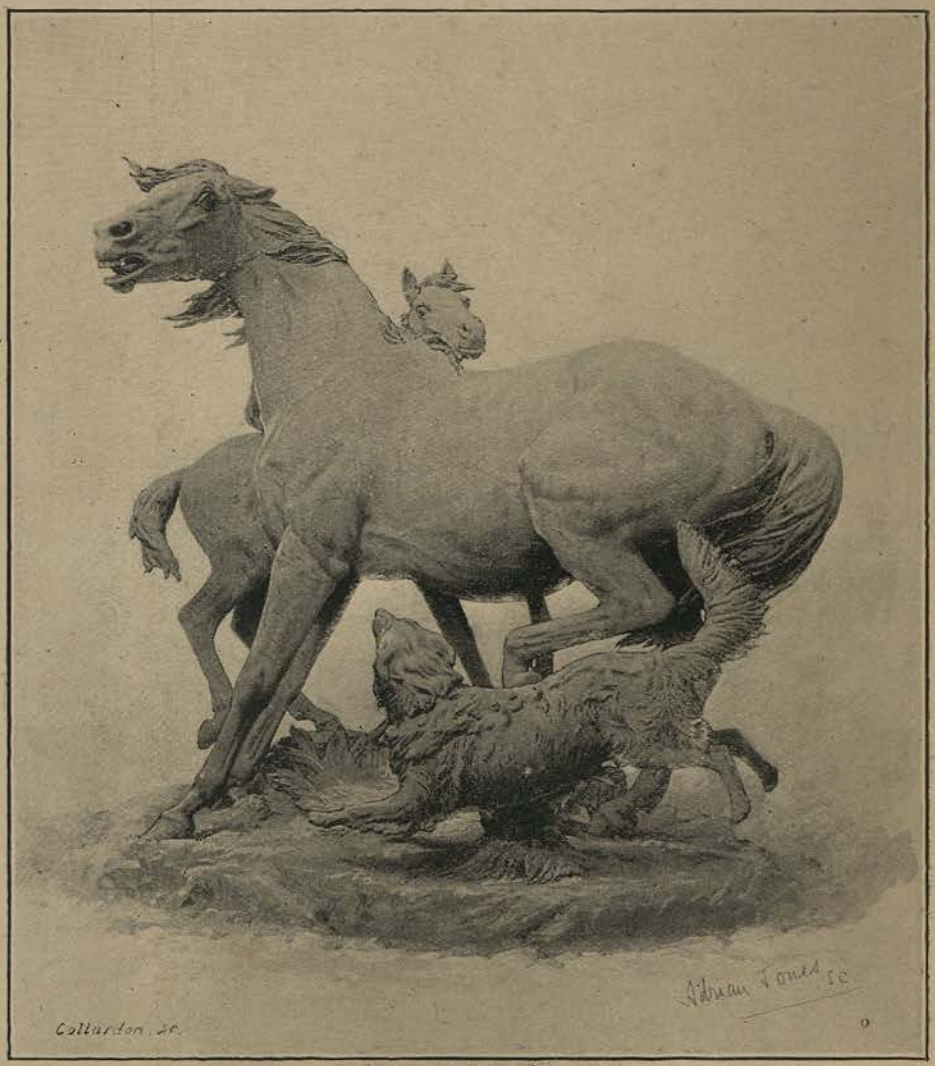
H.R.H. THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE
FRANCIS J. WILLIAMSON



RT. HON. LORD COLERIDGE
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND
FRANCIS J. WILLIAMSON

CIRCE

ALFRED DRURY

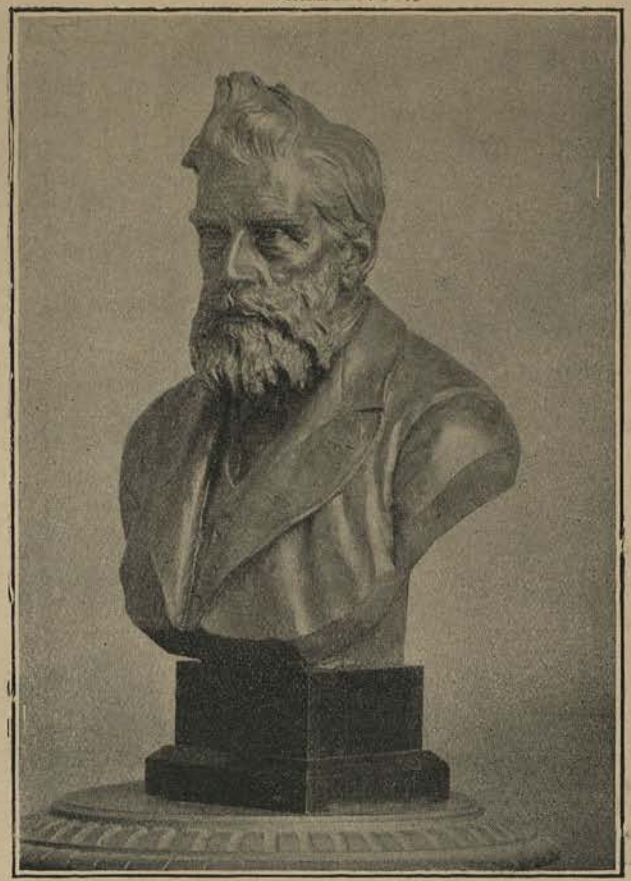


MATERNAL CARE

ADRIAN JONES

THE HOUSEMAID

THE LATE T. WOOLNER, R.A.



THE LATE DUKE OF CLEVELAND

A. BOYD SAUNDERS

THOMAS B. WINSER, ESQ.
PAUL NEWMAN

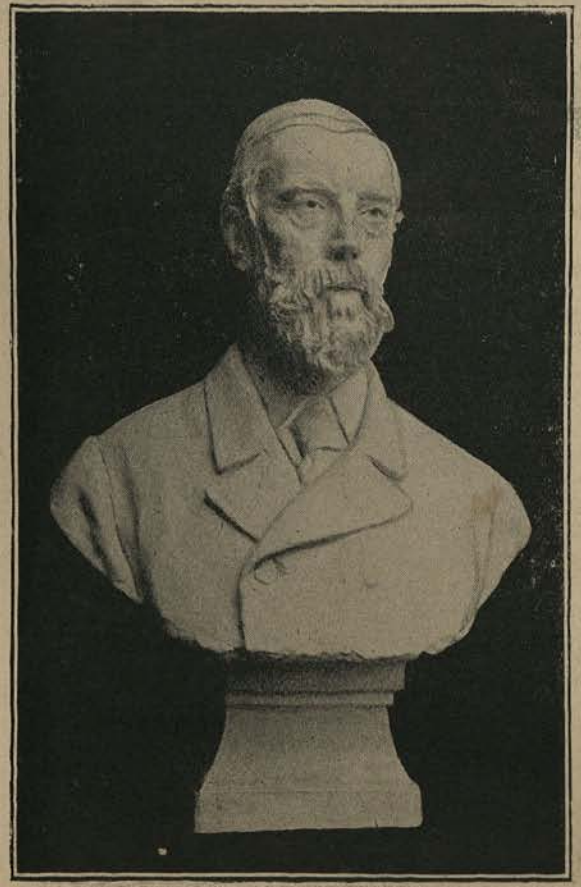
MYSTERIARCH
GEORGE FRAMPTON

MISS K. S. DEATH

HERBERT HAMPTON

BUST OF A LADY

CHARLES B. BIRCH, A.R.A.



RT. HON. LORD REAY, G.C.S.L.

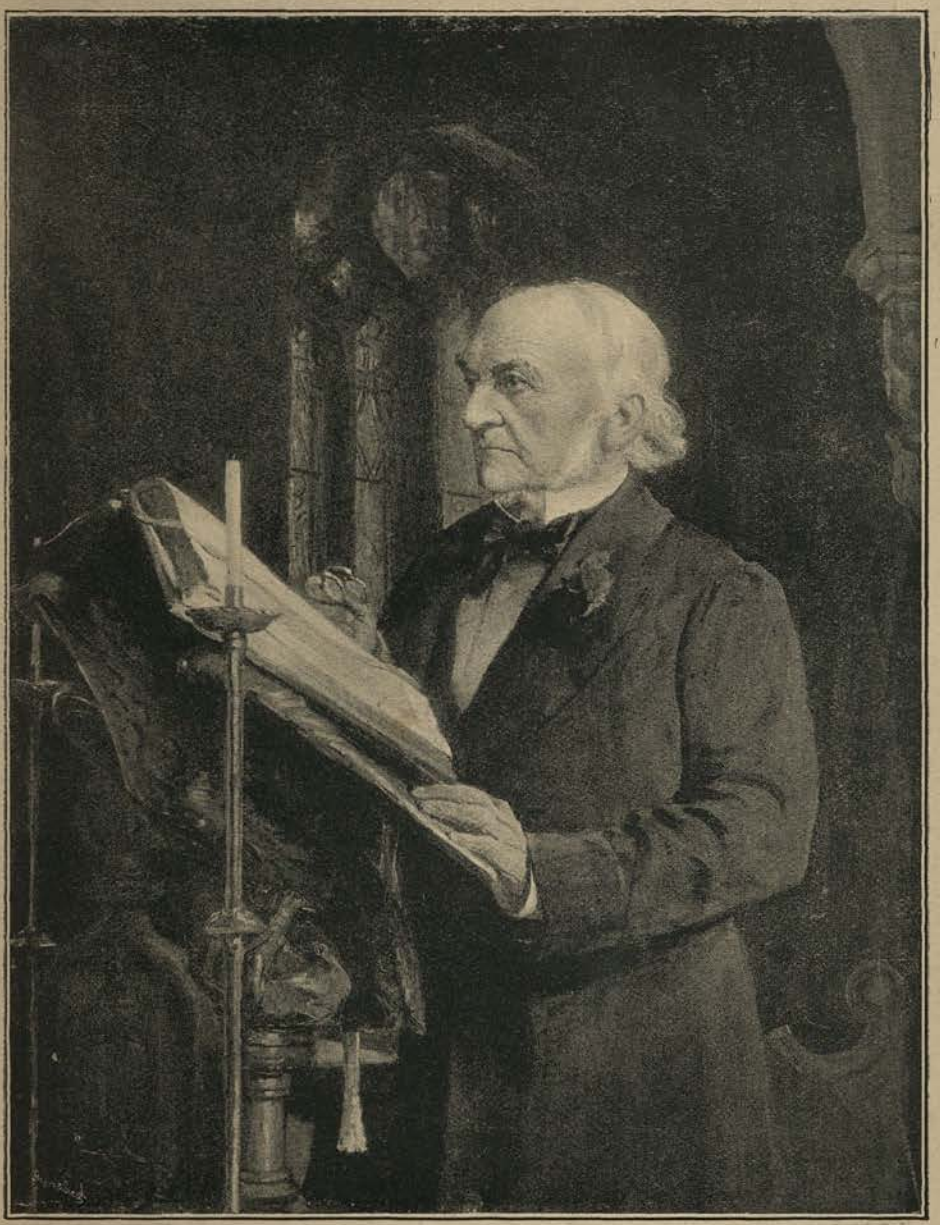
H. RICHARD PINKER

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA EUGENIE

DAUGHTER OF T.R.H. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG

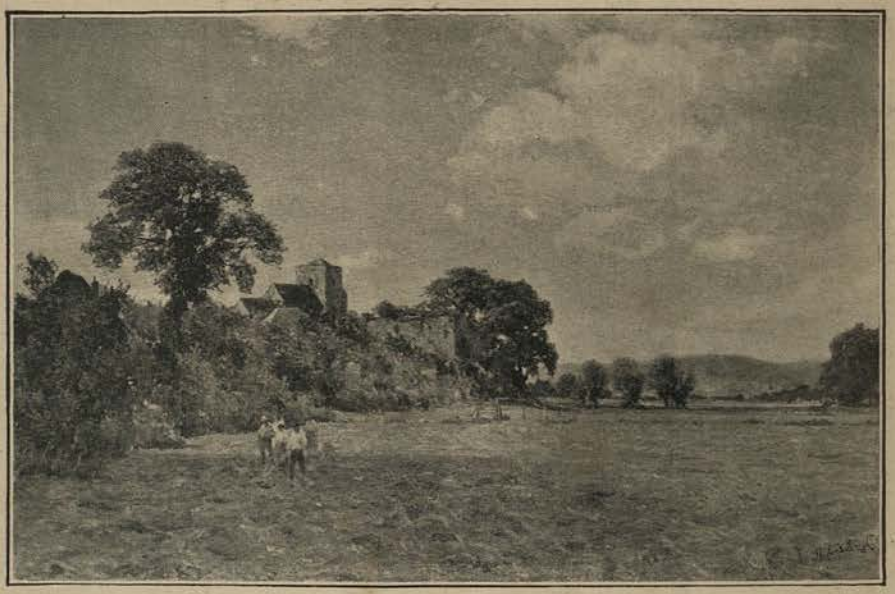
FRANCIS J. WILLIAMSON

NEW GALLERY



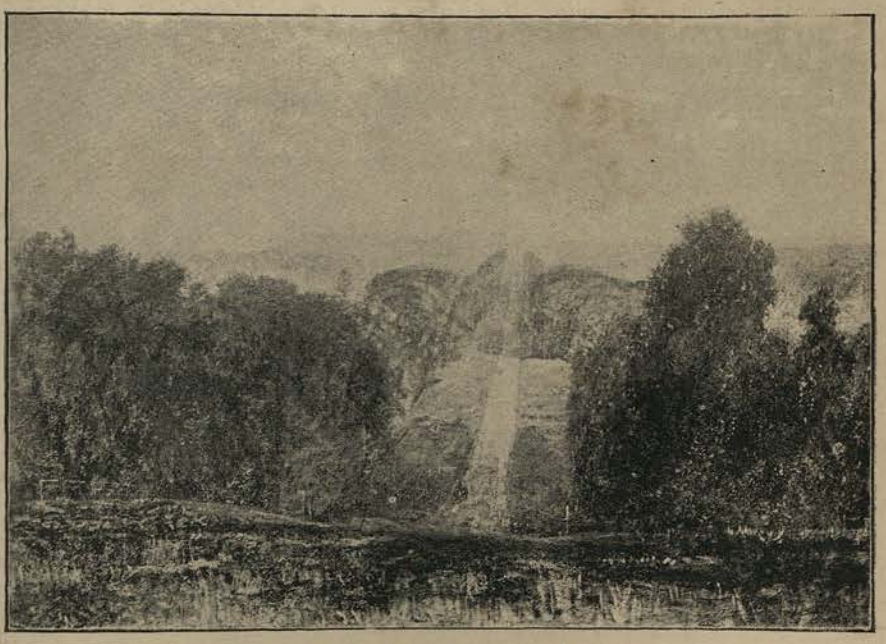
MR. GLADSTONE READING THE LESSONS IN HAWARDEN CHURCH

SYDNEY P. HALL



A SUSSEX HAYFIELD

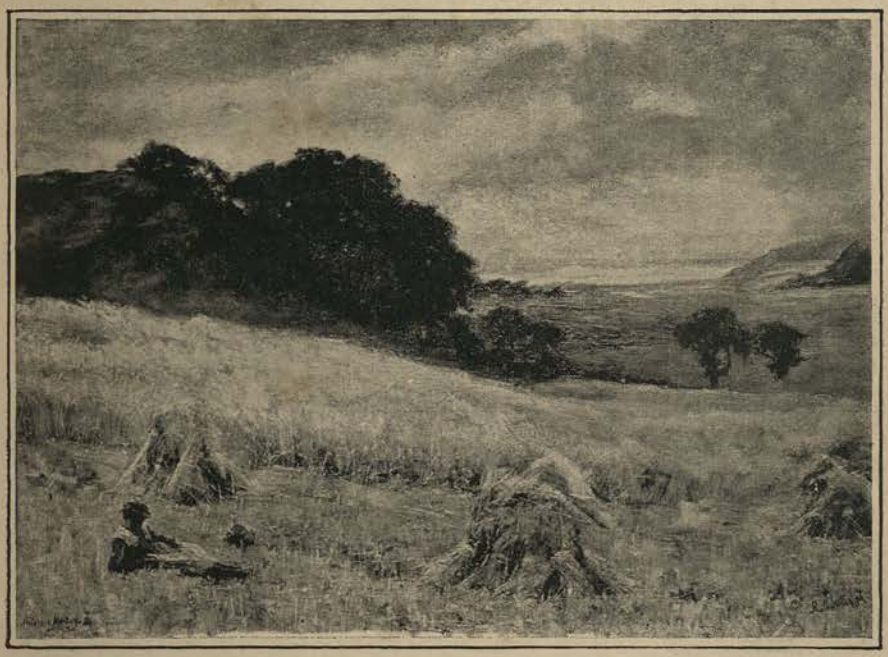
J. AUMONIER



THE LONG WALK, WITH WINDSOR AND ETON

J. W. BUXTON KNIGHT

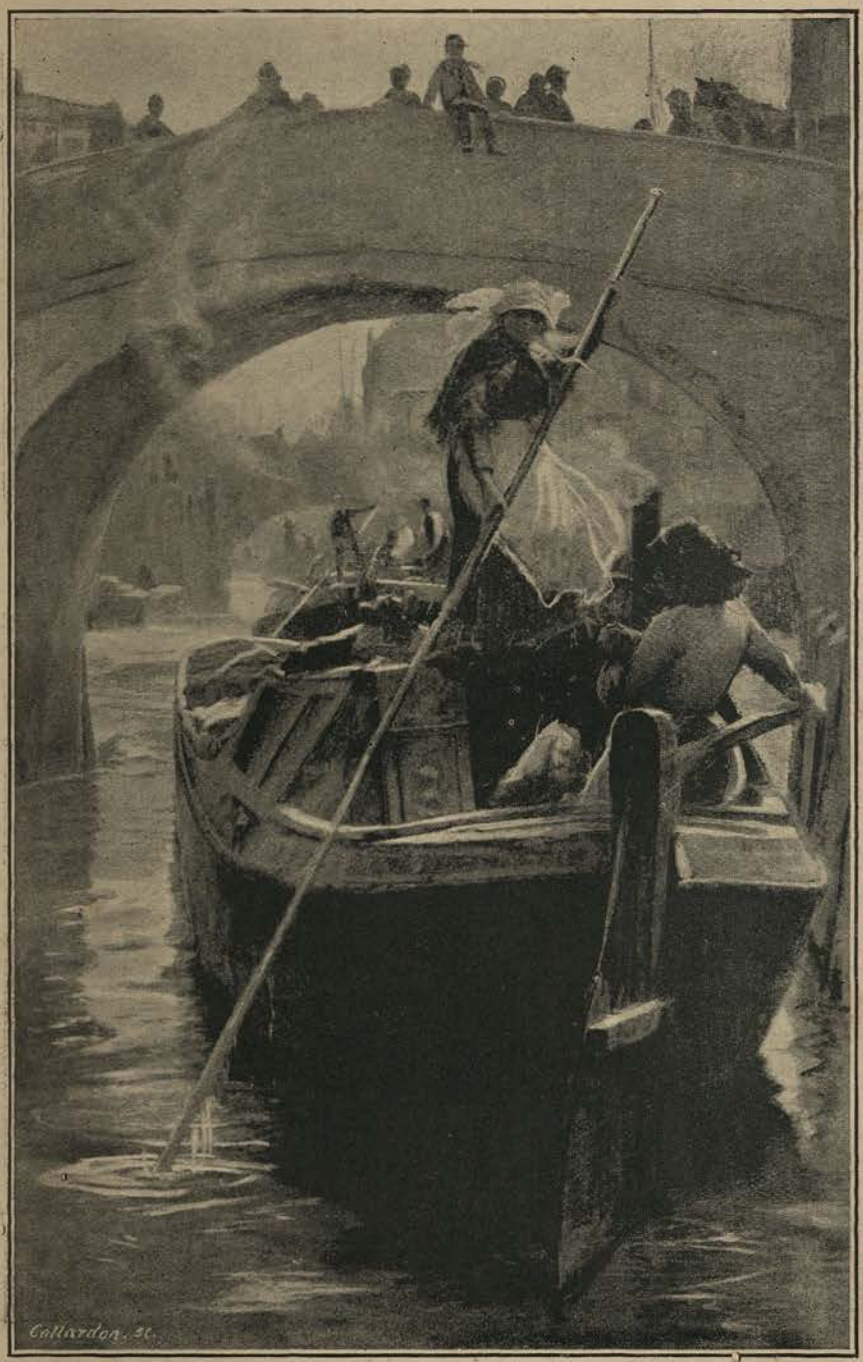
RABBIT SHOOTING
DOUGLAS ADAMS



A BARLEY FIELD
ANDERSON HAGUE

THE REV. CANON MASON, D.D.

H. HARRIS BROWN



UNDER THE BRIDGE

C. W. WYLLIE

A NEW SONG
MRS. STANHOPE A. FORBES

HELEN, DAUGHTER OF S. M. FOX, ESQ.
G. P. JACOMB-HOOD

THROUGH THE WOODS
BLANCHE JENKINS

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN IN COURT DRESS
W. LLEWELLYN

ON THE DOWNS ABOVE LEWES

R. THORNE WAITE

DOWN THE HILL

MARK FISHER

A BATTLE ROYAL

J. T. NETTLESHIP

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE
ARCHIE MACGREGOR

AFTER THE RAIN
ERNEST PARTON

A GLEANER

FRANK W. W. TOPHAM

PETS

MRS. NORMAND (HENRIETTA RAE)

MISS MINNIE PALMER

F. MARKHAM SKIPWORTH

LA JEUNESSE

ERNEST NORMAND

APRIL

EDWARD STOTT

YOUNG AFRICANS

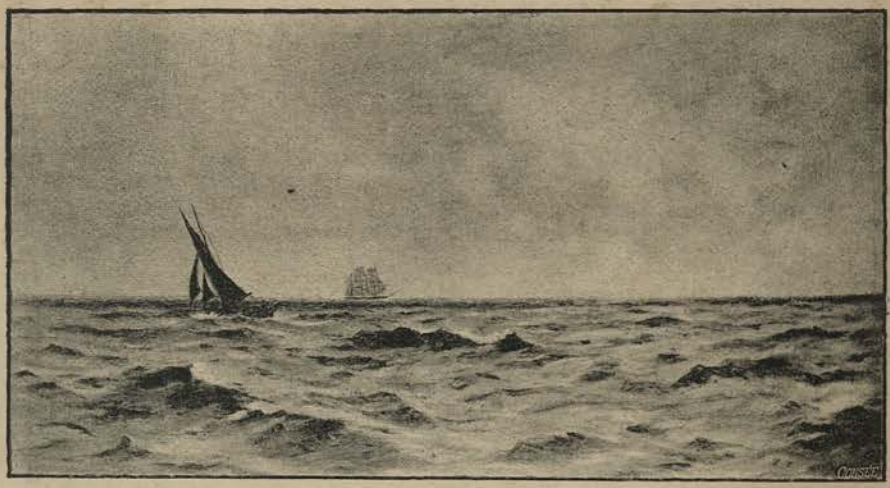
HARRY DIXON

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK

PHILIP BURNE-JONES

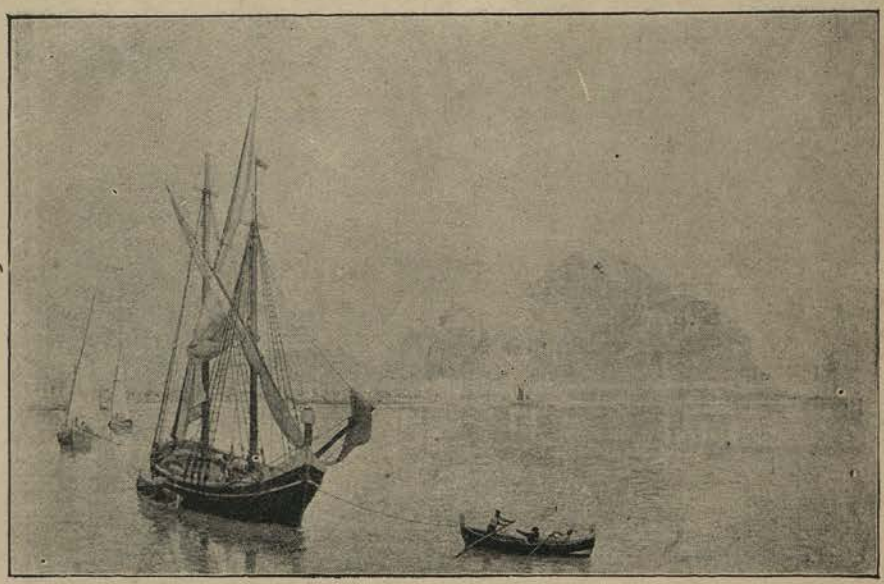
WATER CARRIER, SAN REMO

W. J. HENNESY



A SUMMER DAY IN THE CHANNEL

W. AYERST INGRAM



AN EARLY START—PALERMO BAY

TRISTRAM ELLIS

IN THE GRASP OF THE SEA-WOLF

E. MATTHEW HALE

HOLY ISLAND CASTLE (WATER-COLOUR)

JAMES ORROCK

THE OLD MILL

WILLIAM G. LAIDLAY

SILVER MIST

FRED HALL

EVENING

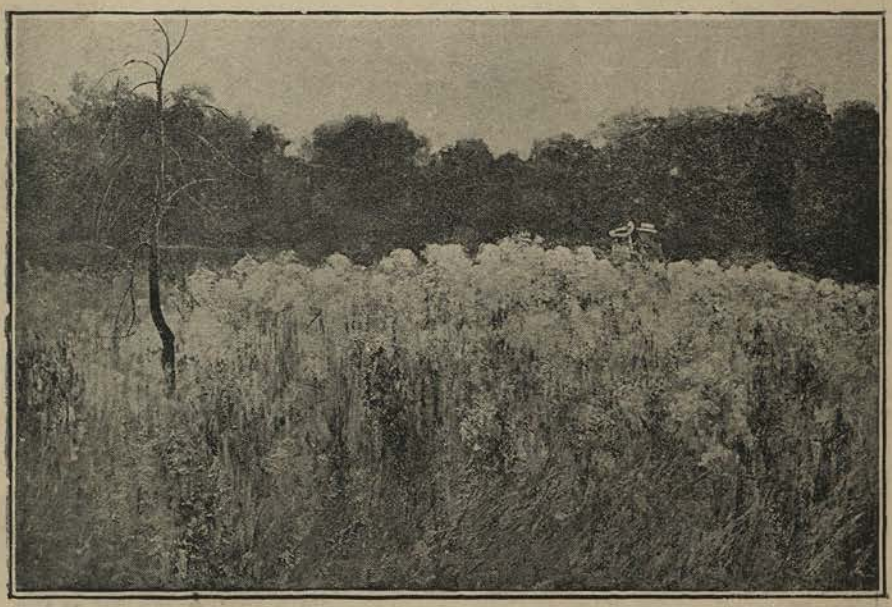
WILLIAM G. LAIDLAY

A SURREY SAND PIT

FRANK W. W. TOPHAM

CHRISTCHURCH (WATER-COLOUR)

ARTHUR RYLE

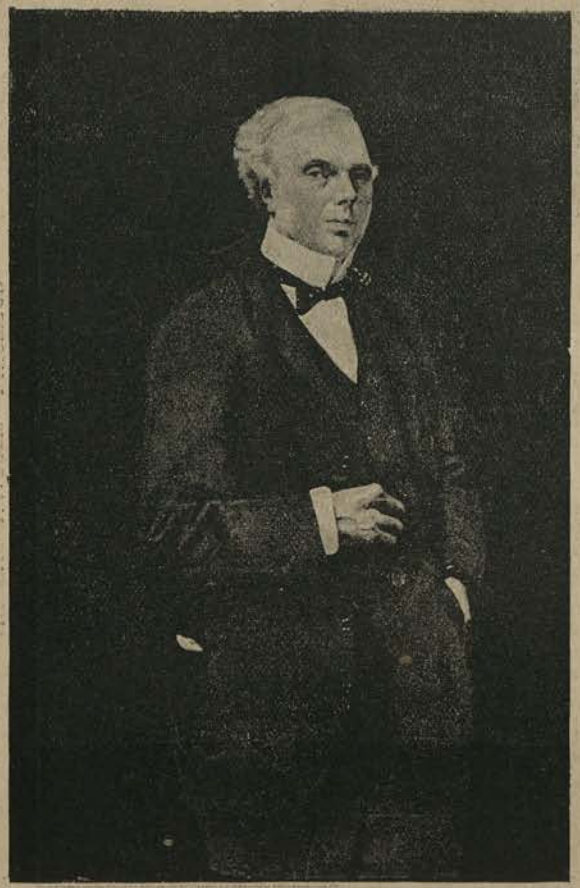


THISTLEDOWN

HOMERVILLE HAGUE

MOVING MISTS
ARTHUR RYLE

IN THE MEADOWS, RINGWOOD
ARNOLD HELCKÉ



ALFRED MORRISON, ESQ.
PHILIP BURNE-JONES

DANIEL HARVEST, ESQ.
LANCE CALKIN

A SCYTHEMAN

E. ROSCOE MULLINS

INNOCENCE

ALFRED DRURY

ORPHEUS

"The nightingales built their nests near his tomb and sung with greater melody than all other birds."

00064276

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